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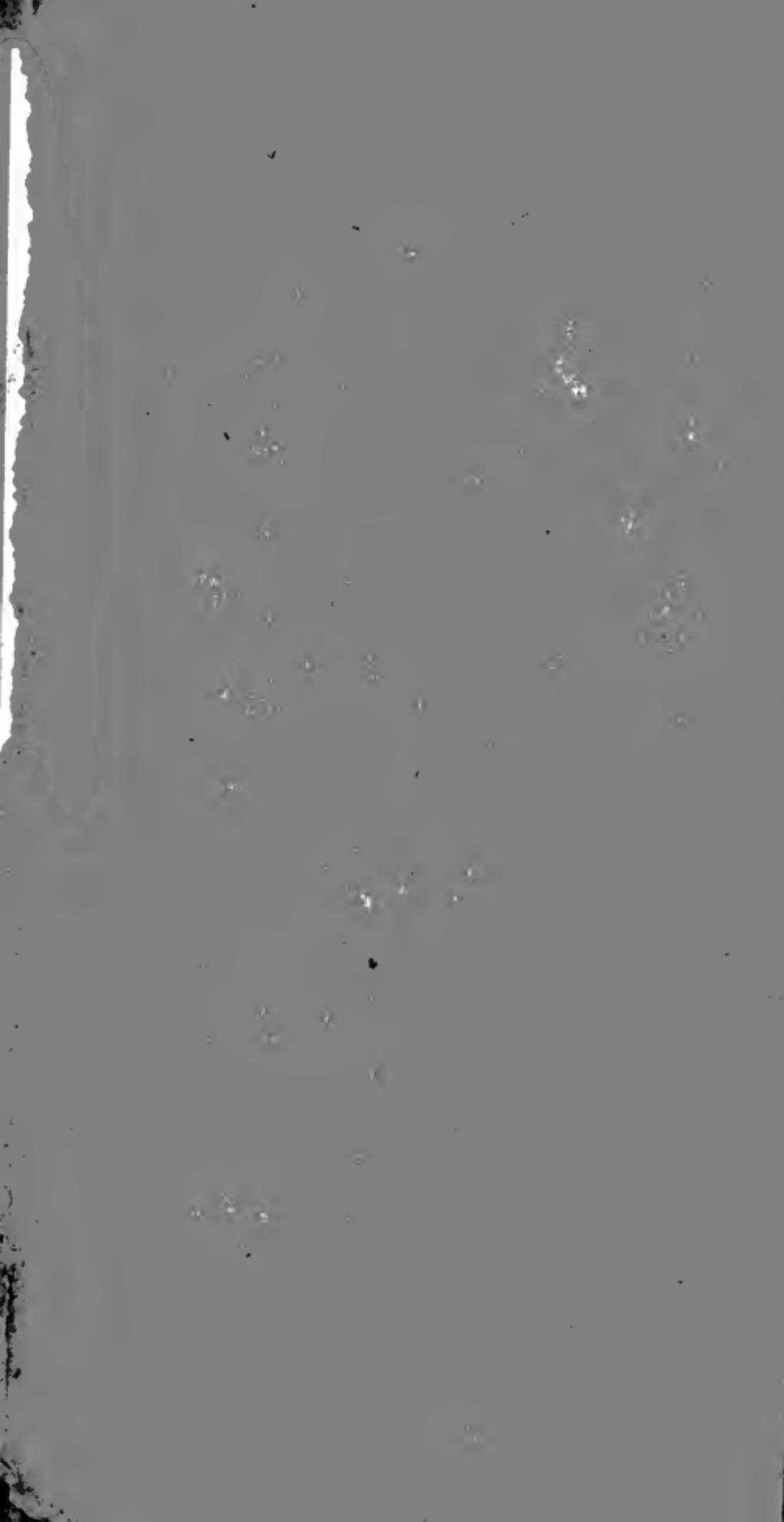
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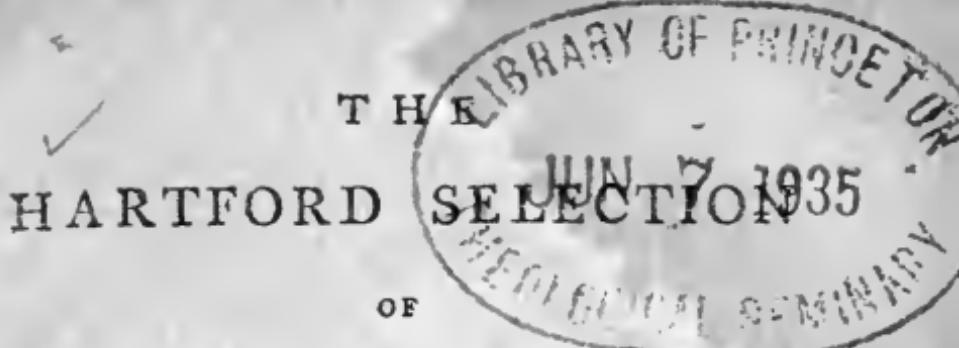
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H Y M N S.

FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

To which are added a number never before published.

Compiled by

NATHAN STRONG, ABEL FLINT, and JOSEPH
STEWARD.

Second Edition.

Published according to Act of Congress.

HARTFORD : PRINTED FOR O. D. COOKE,

From J. Babcock's Press,

1802.



P R E F A C E.

THERE are extant many Hymn Books containing excellent Hymns and Spiritual Songs. These books have their respective excellencies, and give credit to their authors or compilers. The demand for books of this kind having been very great of late, owing to the happy revival of religion in many towns in NEW-ENGLAND, several book-sellers applied to the Editors for advice, which of the many selections of hymns extant it would be most adviseable to reprint. On reviewing different compilations, with a view of answering this question, the Editors conceived that a volume might be compiled better adapted to the taste of pious minds in this country than any they have seen. They were urged to attempt such a selection by book-sellers, and also by several pious people. An additional motive to the attempt was, an expectation that a small sum of money might be annually raised, from the sale of the books, for the support of MISSIONARIES in the new settlements.

In making this selection, the Editors have endeavored to adapt it to the use of Christians in their closets, families, and private religious meetings; and also to the feelings of persons in every state of religious impression.

The hymns of Dr. WATTS, that first of uninspired divine poets, are so universally dispersed, and

in such general use, that a less number have been taken from him than would otherwise have been the case. This volume is compiled principally from NEWTON, COWPER, DODDRIDGE, RIPON'S Selection, and others not in common use. It contains also several original hymns, and many which have never appeared in any book of divine songs.

It will be observed, upon comparing these hymns with the volumes from which they are taken, that a number have been abridged, and some lines altered. The only apology which the Editors have to make for this is, that, in their judgment, such abridgements and alterations render this volume better adapted to the uses for which it was designed.

In this selection many singular metres will be found, tunes adapted to which are contained in the HARMONIA COELESTIS, a volume of music now publishing in Hartford, by Mr. Benjamin.

Hartford, July 3, 1799.



T H E

HARTFORD SELECTION

O F

H Y M N S.

H Y M N I. Long Metre.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest ;
Control'd by none are thy commands ;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands ;
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Reduce the world to thy commands,
And reign forever, God alone.

HYMN II. C. M.

*The Doctrine of the Trinity, and the
Use of it. Eph. ii. 18.*

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost thy work of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

3 To the Almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God;
And spread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general song to raise ;
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine,
In harmony and praise

HYMN III. L. M.

*The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality.
Psalm xc.*

1 LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-pow'rful, wise and good, and just,
In ev'ry age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,

Or form'd the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

3 Great Father of eternity !

How short are ages in thy sight !

A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short silent watch of night !

4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies !

Dream of an hour ! how short our bloom !

Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,

Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,

And with true diligence apply

Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,

That we may learn to live and die.

HYMN IV. C. M.

The infinite God.

1 THY names, how infinite they be !

Great Everlasting one !

Boundless thy might and majesty,

And unconfin'd thy throne.

2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,

And wond'rous large thy grace ;

Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,

And Gabriel veils his face.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyfs,

Which angels cannot sound,

An ocean of infinities,

Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 The myst'ries of creation lie

Beneath enlighten'd minds ;

Thoughts can ascend above the sky,

And fly before the winds.

5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads the soul.

6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

HYMN V. C. M.

The Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.

Psalm cxxxix.

1 LORD, thou with an unerring beam
Surveyest all my powers ;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee, my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce springing into birth,
Great God, are known to thee ;
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.

3 To thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear ;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips
Without thy list'ning ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there ;
Before me shines thy name ;
And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind ;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its towering summit find.

HYMN VI. C. M.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

1 KEEP silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unkown
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.

3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine ;
Each op'ning leaf, and every stroke
Fulfils some, deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God, the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the lamb !

HYMN VII. L. M.

The Unsearchable Wisdom of God.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise,
His ways are just his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heav'n and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confess'd,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

The Loving-Kindness of the Redeemer.

Isa. lxiii. 7.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail ;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies,

HYMN IX. Elevens.

The Mercy of God. Psa. lxxxix. 1.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, & the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy surpasses the sin of my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart,
Discov'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the needy and poor, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesu's dear sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell :
'Twas Jesus the friend when he hung on the tree
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And covenant love of thy crucify'd son :
All praise to the spirit, whose action divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

HYMN X. C. M.

The Holiness of God. Isa. vi. 3.

1 HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
Thrice holy Lord the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Heav'ns brightest lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look, and dim !
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;

A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HYMN XI. L. M.

God exalted above all Praise.

1 ETERNAL Pow'r ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet :
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wondering eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But Oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in Heav'n, but man below ;
Be short our tunes our words be few :
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise fits silent on our tongues,

HYMN XII. AS 113TH PSA.

God's Name proclaimed. Exodus xxxiv. 6—8.

1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine
 Around thy condescending God !
To us, to us, he still proclaims
His awful, his endearing names :
 Attend, and found them all abroad.

2 " JEHOVAH I, the sov'reign LORD,"
" The mighty GOD, by Heav'n ador'd,
 " Down to the earth my footsteps bend :
" My heart the tend'rest pity knows.
" Goodness full-streaming wide o'erflows,
 " And grace and truth shall never end.

3 " My patience long can crimes endure :
" My pard'ning love is ever sure,
 " When penitential sorrow mourns ;
" To Millions, thro' unnumber'd years,
" New hope and new delight it bears ;
 " Yet wrath against the sinner burns.

4 Make haste; my soul, the vision meet,
All-prestrate at thy sov'reign's feet,
 And drink the tuneful accents in ;
Speak on, my LORD, repeat the voice ;
Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
 Till Heav'n complete the rapt'rous scene.

HYMN XIII. L. M.

The Mutability of the Creation, and the Immutability of God. PSA. cii. 25—28.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name ;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpris'd survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period ran,
And change with ev'ry circling sun ;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies :

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

HYMN XIV. L. M.

God's Goodness to the Children of Men.
Psa. cvii. 31.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heav'n's your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
Where sun and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that shine from pole to pole,

3 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,
 Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade ;
 Peopled with life of various forms,
 Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
 That band remotest nations joins,
 And on each wave His goodness shines.

5 But Oh ! that brighter world above,
 Where lives and reigns incarnate Love !
 God's only Son in flesh array'd,
 For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul with rapture soar ;
 There in the world of Praise adore :
 This theme demands an angel's lay,
 Demands an undeclining day.

HYMN XV. AS 113th Psa.

The Eternal God his People's Refuge and Support.

Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 BEHOLD ! the great eternal God,
 Spreads everlasting arms abroad,
 And calls our souls to shelter there.
 Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace,
 To all his Israel he displays,
 Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
 When terrors press, and death is nigh
 And there will I delight to dwell :
 On that high tow'r I rear my head,
 Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
 Amidst surrounding hosts of hell.

3 The shadow of th' Almighty's wings
 Composure unmolested brings,
 While threat'ning horrors round me crowd ;
 In vain the storms of rattling hail
 The walls of this retreat assail,
 And the wild tempest roars aloud.

4 In louder strains my fearless tongue
 Shall warble its victorious song,
 My Father's graces to proclaim ;
 He bears his infant offspring on,
 To glory radiant as his throne,
 And joys eternal as his name.

HYMN XVI. Eights and Sevens.

To the Blessed Spirit.

1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light !
 Loving SPIRIT, GOD of peace,
 Great distributor of grace,
 Rest upon this congregation !
 Hear, Oh, hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shew'r descend :
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or GOD can send.
 O thou GLORY, shining down
 From the FATHER and the SON,
 Grant us thy illumination !
 Rest upon this congregation.

3 Come, thou best of all donations
 GOD can give, or we implore ;
 Having thy sweet consolations,
 We need wish for nothing more :

Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our souls thy graces shew'r;

Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

4 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on ev'ry side,
In distress be our reliever ;
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Let thy kind, effectual grace
Turn our feet from evil ways ;
Show thyself our new Creator,
And conform us to thy nature.

5 Be our friend, on each occasion ;
GOD, omnipotent to save !
When we die, be our salvation ;
When we're buried, be our grave :
And, when from the grave we rise,
Take us up above the skies ;
Seat us with thy saints in glory,
There for ever to adore Thee.

H Y M N XVII. Sevens.

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine !
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart ;

Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN XVIII. C. M.

The All-seeing God.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the Judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upwards I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now forever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great GOD can see and hear,
And writes down every fault,

HYMN XIX. L. M.

Thoughts on God and Death.

1 THERE is a GOD that reigns above,
Lord of the heay'n and earth and seas,
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we must do ;
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw,
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
How many younger much than I
Have pass'd by death to hear their doom !

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

HYMN XX. C. M.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

1 ETERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee, the creation sings :
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
O'er skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad!
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our foster passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN XXI. L. M.

The safety of trusting in God's wise Providence.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark or bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that they all are sure.
And, tho' mysterious, just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
'Tho' now they seem to roam un-ey'd,
Are led by pow'r and goodness where
They best, and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But guided by thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn,
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN XXII. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind. Pfa. cvii.

1 THRO' all the various shifting scenes,
Of life's mistaken good or ill;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
Our changes by thy sov'reign will.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
How'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friend, or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy pow'rful hand can raise us up.

5 Thy gracious consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That secret wets th' afflicted eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heav'n
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were giv'n,
And all shall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm; and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

The Mysteries of Providence; or, light shining out of darkness.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform;

He plants his footsteps in the sea,

And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines

Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up his bright designs,

And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,

The clouds ye so much dread,

Are big with mercy, and shall break

In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,

But trust him for his grace;

Behind a frowning providence,

He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,

Unfolding every hour;

The bud may have a bitter taste,

But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,

And scan his work in vain;

God is his own interpreter,

And he will make it plain.

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter. John xiii. 7.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways

Are hid from mortal sight;

Wrapt in impenetrable shades,

Or cloth'd with dazzling light,

2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye ;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

HYMN XXV. S. M.

Exhortation to trust in Providence.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd,
God fears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
He shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.

4 What tho' thou rulest not !
Yet heav'n and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command,
 So thou shalt wond'ring, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand !

6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought,
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

7 Thou se'st our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
 O lift thou up the sinking heart,
 Confirm the feeble knee.

8 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy stedfast truth declare ;
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN XXVI. C. M.

Divine Knowledge from creation.

1 THE book of nature open lies,
 With much instruction stor'd ;
 But till the LORD anoints our eyes,
 We cannot read a word.

2 The knowledge of the saints excells
 The wisdom of the schools ;
 To them his secret God reveals,
 Tho' men account them fools.

3 To them the sun and stars on high,
 The flow'rs that yaint the field,
 And all the aitels birds, that sing,
 Divine instruction yield.

4 The creatures on their banks pres'nt,
 As witnesses to prove

Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

5 Thus may we study nature's book,
To make us wise indeed!
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

HYMN XXVII. C. M.

The Fall of Man. Genesis, chap. iii.

1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God bestow;
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him, lord below!

2 But oh! by sin how quickly chang'd!
His peace and honor fled,
His heart from GOD and truth estrang'd,
His conscience fill'd with dread!

3 Now from his Maker's voice he fled,
Which was before his joy;
And thought to hide his guilty head,
From an all-seeing eye.

4 Compell'd to answer to his name,
With stubbornness and pride
He cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cri'd.

5 But grace, unask'd his heart subdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave;
By faith the promis'd seed he view'd,
And felt its pow'r to save.

HYMN XXVIII. L. M.

Original Sin; or, The first and second Adam.

1 ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgres'd, and justice deon'd us dead;
The fi'ry law speaks al. despair,
There's no reprieve nor pard. n there.

2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, ye mighty and ye wise,
Speak; are ye strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent thro' the heav'ly ground;
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

4 But Oh! unmeasurable grace!
The eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

HYMN XXIX. S. M.

The evil Heart Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19.

1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affection there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, flattery fear.

3 Almighty King of saints !
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise,

HYMN XXX. L. M.

Sin and Holiness.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin !
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Tho' each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies,
While faith assists my soaring flight
To realms of joy, and worlds of light.

4 Great God, assist me thro' the fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might ;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The victory mine, and thine the praise.

HYMN XXXI. L. M.

The Law and Gospel; or, Christ a Refuge.

1 DREAD Sinai roars, "the man be curst."
"That doth one wilful sin commit ;
"Death and damnation for the first,
"Without relief, and infinite."

2 Thus flames the mount ! and round the earth,
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings :
But Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary say gentler things :

3 " Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
" Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
" And life, and joys, and crowns above,
" Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

4 Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) " forgive ;
And every groan and gaping wound
Cries, " Father, let the rebels live."

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie ;
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

Harmony of the Divine Perfections.

1 SALVATION ! what a glorious plan ;
How suited to our needs !
The grace that raises fallen man,
Our highest praise exceeds.

2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
To ransom us when lost ;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.

3 Strict justice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd ;

And truth and pow'r both undertook
The whole should be fulfil'd.

4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
In all their glory shone ;
When Jesus left the courts above,
And dy'd to save his own.

5 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r and love,
Are equally display'd ;
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above
Our advocate and head.

6 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhor'd ;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

Divinity of Christ. John i. 1. 3. 14.
and Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9. 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars,
Thy generation who can tell ?
Or count the number of thy years ?

4 But lo ! he leaves those heav'nly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Emmanuel.

HYMN XXXIV. Sevens.

Praise for the Incarnation.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows,
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung,
" Glory be to GOD on high ;"
Lord unloose my stammering tongue,
Who shall louder sing than I ?

3 Did the LORD a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
Canst thou then, my tongue, be still ?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, glorious Friend ;
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

HYMN XXXV. C. M.

Atonement and Sanctification.

1 ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill!
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd,
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd?
Can grace sufficient means afford
To make the foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means
Which shall effectual prove;
To cleanse us from our countleſs sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 JESUS for us a ransom paid,
And dy'd that we might live;
His blood a full atonement made,
And cri'd aloud, FORGIVE.

5 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God;
Or we shall slight the Lord, who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.

6 The holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth:
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd and fav'd by grace;
Rebels, in God's own house, obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

The Gospel of Christ.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And Truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name ;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saints revive.

5 Our raging passion it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage !

HYMN XXXVII. As 148th Psa.

The Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. B 2

2 Exalt the lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the lands proclaim :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace :
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great high priest,
 Has full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits rest ;
 Ye mournful souls be glad !
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN XXXVIII. Eights and Sixes.

Christ's Infancy..

1 O SIGHT of anguish ! view it near,
 What weeping innocence is here,
 A manger for his bed !
 The brutes yield refuge to his wee,
 Men worse than brutes no pity show,
 Nor give him friendly aid.

2 Why do no rapid thunders roll ?
Why do no tempests rock the pole ?

O miracle of grace !
Or why no angels on the wing,
Wearm for the honor of their King,
To punish all the race !

3 Though now an infant bath'd in tears,
He call'd to form the rolling spheres ;
And seraphs own'd his nod.
Helpless he calls, but men delay ;
And guilty sinners disobey
The first born Son of God.

4 Say, radiant seraphs, thron'd in light,
Did love e'er tow'r so high a flight,
Or glory sink so low ?
This wonder angels scarce declare,
Angels the rapture scarce can bear,
Or equal praise bestow.

5 Redemption ! 'tis a boundless theme !
Thou boundless mind, our hearts inflame
With ardor from above.
Words are but faint, let joy express ;
Vain is mere joy, let actions blefs
This prodigy of love.

HYMN XXXIX. C. M.

The gloriouſ Gopſel. I Tim. i. ii.

1 What wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Thre' all the gospel shine !
'Tis God that speaks, and we confes
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from his starry throne on high,
Th' almighty Saviour comes ;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt that sinners ow'd.
 Upon the cross he pays :
 Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
 Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There he our great High Priest appears,
 Before his Father's throne :
 Mingles his merit with our tears,
 And pours salvation down.

5 Great God, with reverence we adore
 Thy justice and thy grace :
 And on thy faithfulness and pow'r,
 Our firm dependence place.

HYMN XL. L. .M

Election. Rom. viii. 33—39.

1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames
 The chosen people of our God,
 Since in the book of life their names
 Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood ?

2 He, for the sins of his elect,
 Hath a complete atonement made :
 Stern Justice views, without defect,
 The work he wrought, the price he paid.

3 Not tribulation, nakedness,
 Or famine, peril, or the sword ;
 Not persecution, or distress,
 Can separate from Christ the Lord.

4 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
 Nor powers below, nor powers above ;
 Not present things, nor things to come,
 Can change his purposes of love.

5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,
 His faithfulness shall still endure :

And those who on his truth depend,
Shall find his word for ever sure.

HYMN XLI. L. M.

Electing and Sanctifying Grace. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name:
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundation for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin,
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Cleans'd by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With Christ our Lord we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

HYMN XLII. Sevens.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name:
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bleſs redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from blifs no longer rove,
Stop and taste redēcming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redēcming love.

6 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove,
Of our Lord's redēcming love.

HYMN XLIII. Eights and Sevens.

Look unto Jesus, and be saved.

1 AS the serpent, rais'd by Moses,
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite,
JESUS thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight.

2 Hear his gracious invitation,
“ I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.

3 Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt ;
But my love than death is stronger,
I my blood have freely spilt.

4 Though your heart has long been harden'd,
Look on me—it soft shall grow :
Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,
And I'll wash you white as snow.

5 I have seen what you were doing ;
Tho' you little thought of me ;
You were madly bent on ruin,
But I said—it shall not be.

6 You had been forever wretched,
Had I not espous'd your part ;
Now behold my arms outstretched,
To receive you to my heart.

7 Well may shame and joy, and wonder,
All your inward passions move ;
I could crush thee with my thunder,
But I speak to thee in love.

8 See ! your sins are all forgiv'n,
I have paid the countle's sum !
Now my death has open'd heav'n,
Thither you shall shortly come.

9 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death ;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith.

10 From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal ;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

HYMN XLIV. Sevens and Sixes.

Christ the good Physician.

1 HOW lost was my condition,
Till JESUS made me whole !
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul !

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsey, plague, and fever,
And madness—all combin'd;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me
And all my hopes were crost'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First, gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then, bade me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen JESUS,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live!

HYMN XLV. Tens and Elevens.

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zec. xiii. 1.

- 1 THE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing ;
The blood of our priest, our crucified king ;
The fountain that cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear he'll freely impart ;
When pierc'd by the spear, it flow'd from his
heart ;
With blood and with water, the first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter ; the fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt, infallible cure ;
But if guilt removed, return and remain
Its power may be proved again and again.
- 4 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all,
Who long to be heal'd, the great and the small ;
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led ;
Here's health for the sickly, and life for the dead.
- 5 This fountain tho' rich, from charge is quite
clear,
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here ;
Come needy, and guilty, come loathsome, and
bare ;
Tho' lep'rous and filthy, come just as you are.
- 6 This fountain in vain has never been tr'y'd,
It takes out all stain whenever apply'd ;
The fountain flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, tho' lep'rous as mine.

HYMN XLVI. C. M.

The fountain of Christ's Blood.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain, in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN XLVII. S. M.

The Suffering of Divine Love.

1 MY dear Redeemer see !
Forfaken and forlorn ;
Drinking the vinegar and gall,
And crown'd with ragged thorn.

2 They pierc'd him to the heart,
Oh, let me view the wound !
And count the precious, flowing drops,
That stain the thirsty ground !

3 Ah ! who could mar thee thus,
That never didst offend ?

How could a sinful world combine
Against the sinner's friend ?

4 They needed not the spear

To shed my Saviour's blood ;

Love would have burst his tender heart,
Whilst mercy pour'd the flood.

5 O copious, healing stream !

Though urg'd by hostile hand ;

From evil springs the mighty good,
That cleanses Judah's land.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

The Inspired Word a System of Knowledge and Joy.

Psal. cxix. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And soothes our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN XLIX. L. M.

The Usefulness of the Scriptures. Psal. xix.

1 WHEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
 'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n ;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heav'n,

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive pow'rs,
 It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
 Its doctrines are divinely true ;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
 It comforts, and instructs us too.

5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,
 Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
 And his distinguish'd grace adore.

HYMN L. C. M.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 Forever be thy name ador'd,
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast,
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;

And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN L I. C. M.

Comfort from the Holy Scriptures.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unkown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here, consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where sense and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN LII. C. M.

Efficacious Grace. Psal. xlv. 3—5.

- 1 HAIL! mighty Jesus; how divine
Is thy victorious word!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give;
They pierce the hardest heart:
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword up on thy thigh,
Come, with majestic sway:
Down from thy glorious throne on high,
And make thy foes obey.
- 4 And when thy victories are complete;
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conqu'ring grace;
- 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favor'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
As round the throne we stand.

HYMN LIII. C. M.

Reigning Grace.

- 1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stammering tongues,
To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,
The subject of our songs.

2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts ;
And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.

3 Grace tills the soil, and sows the seeds,
Provides the sun and rain ;
Till from the tender blade proceeds,
The ripen'd harvest grain.

4 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first,
By grace thus far we're come,
And grace will help us thro' the worst,
And lead us safely home.

HYMN LIV. S. M.

Salvation by grace from first to last. Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound !
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps his grace display,
Who drew the wondrous plan.

3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb.
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road :
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes overflow :

'Twas grace which kept me to this day
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN LV. L. M.

God reasoning with Men. Isaiah i. 18.

1 COME, sinners, faith the mighty God,
Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo ! I descend frome mine abode,
To reason with the sons of men.

2 No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around :
I come with terms of life and peace ;
Where sin hath reign'd let grace abound.

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;
O make our crinal sins like wool,
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow.

5 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

HYMN LVI. Eights and Sevens.

Sinners invited to come to Christ.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power :
He is able,
He is willing. Doubt no more !

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the *fitness* he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden,
 On the ground your Maker lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is FINISH'D;"
 Sinners will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascend'd,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude.
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb:
 While the billowy seats of heav'n
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners, here may find the same.

HYMN LVII. C. M.

Expostulation with Sinners.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to day ;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Thro' his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin ;
Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.
- 7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
He pardons like a God ;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Thro' a Redeemer's blood,

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

God glorious, and Sinners saved, Isai. xliv. 23.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!

How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,

By thousand thro' the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange design,

To save rebellious worms,

Where vengeance and compassion join,

In their divinest forms;

3 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe;

We love and we adore;

The first arch-angel never saw

So much of God before.

4 Here the whole Deity is known,

Nor dares a creature guess,

Which of the glories brightest shone,

The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb

Adorn the heav'nly plains;

Sweet cherubs learn Emmanuel's name,

And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part,

In that immortal song!

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,

And love command my tongue.

HYMN LIX. L. M.

Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 TO break the chains of sin and death,

Our glorious Jesus yields his breath:

How strange the conquest, strange to tell!

By death he conquers death and hell.

2 While standing in the sinner's stead,
 Billows of wrath roll o'er his head ;
 Light from the Father is withdrawn,
 And Jesus drinks the cup alone.

3 Legions of angels fill the skies,
 While our Redeemer bleeds and dies ;
 All nature reels beneath the load,
 And trembling speaks the wrath of God.

4 The rocks are with convulsions torn,
 And all the heav'ns in sackcloth mourn ;
 But lo ! when the third morning comes,
 Emmanuel rising, leaves the tombs.

5 The rising God let angels sing,
 The heavens with Hallelujahs ring ;
 " Worthy the Lamb, who once was slain,
 Let him in pow'r and glory reign."

6 Hail happy morn, which sees him rise,
 We shout him welcome to the skies,
 Welcome to glories all his own,
 And welcome to his father's throne.

HYMN LX. C. M.

The heart new created.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
 Doth his own glories shew ;
 Behold he sits upon his throne,
 Creating all things new.

2 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
 From my own state of sin ;
 Oh make my soul alive to thee,
 Create new pow'rs within.

3 Open mine eyes, unstop my ears,
 And form my heart afresh ;

Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

4 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell ;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

HYMN LXI. L. M.

Faith connected with salvation; Rom. i. 16.
Heb. x. 39.

1 NOT by the laws of innocence,
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n ;
New works can give us no pretence,
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
Can make a wounded conscience whole ;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd ;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,
To have it pardon'd and subdued.

4 O may thy grace its pow'r display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign ;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN LXII. L. M.

Human righteousness insufficient to justify,
Mic. vi. 6—8.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face ?
How in thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace ?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high ?
 Will multiply'd oblations please ?
 'Thousands of rams his favor buy,
 Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease ?

3 Can these assuage the wrath of God ?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
 Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
 Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 Guilty, I stand before thy face ;
 My sole desert is hell and wrath ;
 'Twere just the sentence should take place ;
 But Oh, I plead my Saviour's death !

5 I plead the merits of thy son,
 Who dy'd for sinners on the tree ;
 I plead his righteousness alone,
 Oh, put the spotless robe on me.

HYMN LXIII. C. M.

God's command to all men to repent. Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 Nor lenger dare delay :
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
 To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar :

For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !

Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN LXIV. C. M.

The penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to thy mercy seat,
Prefumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :
Forbid it, that omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

HYMN LXV. L. M.

The repenting Prodigal. Luke xv. 32.

1 LO ! what a rapturous joy possest
The tender parent's throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn.

2 Thus our bless'd Saviour wont despise,
The contrite heart for sacrifice ;
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan
Rises accepted to the throne.

3 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.

4 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
He, pitying, heals their broken frame ;
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

HYMN LXVI. C. M.

The Ministry of Christ. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray :
And on the eyes opprest with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;

And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hannah*, prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim :
And heav'n's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

H Y M N L X V I I . C. M.

The attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

1 YONDER—amazing sight !—I see
Th' incarnate son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun ;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud ;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
“ *This is the Son of God.* ”

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive :
If God's own son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be !

HYMN LXVIII. L. M.

A dying Saviour.

1 STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies;
 Hark! his expiring groans arise :
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain ?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart !
 Till all its pow'rs and passions move,
 In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN LXIX. Sevens.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
 Death yield up thy mighty prey :
 See ! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom. *Hallelujah.*

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound. *Hallelujah.*

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph up the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high. *Hallelujah.*

4 Heav'n displays her portals wide,
Glorious Saviour, thro' them ride :
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own, *Hallelujah.*

5 Praise him, all ye heav'ly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong. *Hallelujah.*

6 Ev'ry note with wonders swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell :
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ! *Hallelujah.*

HYMN LXX. L. M.

Christ's Resurrection a Pledge of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie ;
I see fulfil'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim,
How weak the arms of conquer'd death ,
Sweet pledge, that all who tra'w his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more ;
And ever lives, their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold ;
See the rich diadem he wears !
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN LXXI. L. M.

Christ's Ascension. Psal. xxiv. 7.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
“ Lift up your heads, ye heavn'ly gates,
“ Ye everlasting doors give way !”

3 Loose all your massy bars of light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.

4 “ Who is the king of glory, who ? ”
The *Lord*, that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And *Jesus* is the conqu'ror's name.

5 “ Who is the king of glory, who ? ”
The *Lord* of boundless pow'r possest,
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

HYMN LXXII. As 148th Psal.

The kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the *Lord* is king,
Your God and king adore ;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph ever more.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;

When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Syrie the Judge shall come,
And call his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trumpet of God shall sound i rejoice.

HYMN LXXIII. L. M.

The humiliation, exaltation, and triumph of Christ.
Phil. ii. 8, &c. Col. ii. 15.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That bright emblem of truth,
That ever the God of love delighted,
Employed in His nay lab'ring mind.

2 Begin, my soul, the heav'ly song,
A tune fit for an angel to sing ;
When Gabriel found these awful things,
The tunes and fountains all His strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus the *Lord* of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the *God* in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans ;
 The prince of life resigns his breath,
 The king of glory bows to death !

5 But see the wonders of his pow'r,
 He triumphs in his dying hour,
 And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
 And sin was drown'd in *Jesus'* blood ;
 Then he arose, and reigns above,
 And conquers sinners by his love.

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

The intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)
 And now before his father God,
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears ;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face.
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His pow'rful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and satan join their pow'r ;

Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

HYMN LXXV. C. M.

The fulness of Christ.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear ?

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 By him my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd ;
Satan accuses me in vain.
And I am own'd a child.

4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With evry fleeting breath ;
And may the glory of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

Christ the refuge of the Church.

- 1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains ;
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill ;
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.
- 3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above ;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.
- 4 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms ;
Affords a hiding-place and shield,
From enemies and storms.
- 5 When troubles like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head ;
To this high rock his people run.
And find a pleasing shade.
- 6 How glorious he ! how happy they !
In such a glorious friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

HYMN LXXVII. L. M.

Christ our Advocate. 1 John ii. 1.

- 1 WHERE is my God ? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies ?

2 No, Lord, the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands ;
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands.

3 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer ;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

HYMN LXXVIII. L. M.

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die ;
Publish the bliss the world around ;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, cut-measuring every crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change, by changing time.

3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heav'n,
What grateful honors shall we show ?

Where much transgression is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardors glow.

5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd,
Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

*Adoption, or Christians the Sons of God. John i. 12.
1 John iii. 1.*

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim,
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is giv'n,
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go ;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precept binds.

4 When, through temptation, they rebel,
His chast'ning rod he makes them feel,
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He sooths the pain, and heals the smart.

5 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

HYMN LXXX. C. M.

Longing for the divine presence under sorrow.

- 1 OH, that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain ;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

HYMN LXXXI. Eights and Sevens.

The Saviour's merit.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee my God ;
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin and Satan, cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises through the sky ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the Father give ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises all that live !

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—
 Tell the world of his dear name,
 That if any want his spirit,
 He is still the very same.
 He that asketh soon receiveth,
 He that seeks is sure to find ;
 Who so'er on him believeth,
 He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glorious Christ of Heav'nly birth ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises through the earth.
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the spirit be ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 To the sacred one in three.

5 Now our advocate is pleading,
 With his father, and our God ;
 And for us is interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood ;
 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 Father ! save them—I have died ;
 And the Father answers, saying,
 They are freely justified.

9 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Worthy is the lamb of God,

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Holy is the Lord of Hosts,
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN LXXXII. C. M.

A warning to flee from the wrath to come.

1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners ! come away ;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.

Oh ! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw ;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
 To execute his law.

3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
 If destitute of grace,
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face ?

4 Oh ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
 How would you wish to fly,
 To the dark shades of endless night,
 From that all-searching eye ?

5 The dead awak'd must all appear,
 And you among them stand ;
 Before the great impartial bar,
 Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear ;
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapt in keen despair.

HYMN LXXXIII. C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

- 1 AM I a Soldier of the Cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God ?
- 3 Shall I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ?
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas ?
- 4 I too must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage. Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
They see a triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all their armies shine,
With robes of victory through the skies ;
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN LXXXIV. C. M.

Sanctification and Pardon.

- 1 WHERE shall we sinners hide our heads,
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave ?

2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly,
Bedew us with thy blood.

3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

4 We bless that wondrous purple stream,
That cleanses every stain;
Our souls are yet but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
The rebel's throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

HYMN. LXXXV. C. M.

Perseverance. Psal. cxix. 117.

1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere,

2 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
'Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

HYMN LXXXVI. Tens and Elevens.

Humble confidence in the power and grace of Christ.

1 OH, tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort, do after him
go :

Lo onward I move, to a country above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell & sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, to him I'm so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face,

6 And now 'tis my care, my neighbors may
share [dare ?
These blessings; to seek them will none of you
In bondage; Oh why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

HYMN LXXXVII. C. M.

Christ crown'd as Lord of all.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name !

Let Angels prostrate fall ;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

To crown Him Lord of All.

2 Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,

And, as they tune it fall

Before his face who tunes their choir,

And crown Him Lord of All.

3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,

He fix'd this floating ball ;

Now hail the strength of Israel's might,

And crown Him Lord of All.

4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,

Who from His altar call ;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,

And crown Him Lord of All.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,

Ye ransom'd of the fall,

Hail Him who saves you by his grace,

And crown Him Lord of All.

6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,

Whom David Lord did call ;

The God incarnate, Man divine,

And crown Him Lord of All.

7 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget

The wormwood and the gall,

Go—spread your trophies at his feet,

And crown Him Lord of All.

8 Let every tribe, and every tongue,

That hear the Saviour's call,

Now shout in universal song,

And crown Him Lord of All.

HYMN LXXXVIII. L. M.

Christ the Bright & Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
Oh, tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his.

2 We sing the bright and morning-star
(*Jesus*, the spring of light and love;) See how its rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
And guide the Christian in his way;
Still as he goes he finds the road,
Enlighten'd with a constant day.

4 When shall we reach the heav'nly place,
Where this bright star will brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre all divine?

HYMN LXXXIX. L. M.

Jehovah the true God. Psalm xcii.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds, of awful shade,
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd, by his pavilion, wait.

3 Devouring fire before his face,
His foes around with vengeance struck;
His lightnings set the world on blaze,
Earth saw it, and with terror shook.

4 The proudest hills his presence felt,
Their height nor strength could help afferd,
The proudest hills like wax did melt,
In presence of th' Almighty Lord.

5 The heav'ns his righteousness to show,
With storms of fire our foes pursu'd :
And all the trembling world below,
Have his descending glory view'd.

6 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd ;
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd.

7 Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord ;
Memorials of his holiness,
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

HYMN XC. Eights.

Praising at the foot of the cross.

1 O LOVE divine, what hast thou done !
Th' immortal God hath di'd for me !
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree :
Th' immortal God for me hath di'd ;
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding prince of life and peace ;
Come, see, ye worms, your maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his ?
Come feel, with me, his blood apply'd ;
The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring his people back to God ;

Believe, believe the record true,
 His church is purchas'd with his blood ;
 Pardon and life flow from his side ;
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd !

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream ;
 All things for him account but dross,
 — And give up all our hearts to him :
 Of nothing speak, or think beside :
 The Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

HYMN XCII. Eights and Sevens.

Love Divine.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art :
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast :
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Take our load of guilt away ;
 End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd by Thee ;

Change from glory into glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 'Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN XCII. C. M.

Healing mercy in Jesus.

- 1 Heal us, Emmanuel, here we stand,
 Waiting to feel thy touch ;
 To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
 Blest Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is weak, our strength is small,
 We faintly trust thy word ;
 Sure thou wilt hear the mourner call,
 And say. " behold thy Lord."
- 3 Thou pity'dst him who once apply'd
 With trembling for relief ;
 " Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd,
 " Oh, help my unbelief."
- 4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answered, " Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee if we may ;
 Oh ! send us not despairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN XCIII. C. M.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

- 1 OH ! for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
'That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN XCIV. Tens and Elevens.

The Lord will provide.

1 THO' troubles assail; and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, that God will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting, shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may like the ships, by tempests be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:

Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
His promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a good
guide,

And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has try'd,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will
provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our spirits have ply'd,
This answers all questions, the Lord will pro-
vide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great,
name,

In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r and he will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

HYMN XCV. C. M.

Aaron a type of Christ.

1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed priest,
Within the veil appear,
In robes of mystic meaning drest,
Presenting Israel's prayer.

2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holiness describes;
His breast displays in shining rows,
The names of all the tribes.

3 With the atoning blood he stands
Before the mercy-seat,
And clouds of incense from his hands
Arise with odour sweet.

4 Through him, the eye of faith descries
A greater priest than he:
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,
For you, my friends, and me.

5 He bears the names of all his saints,
Deep on his heart engrav'd;
Attentive to the state and wants
Of all his love has sav'd.

6 In him a holiness complete,
Light and perfection shine,
And wisdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Saviour all divine.

HYMN XCVI. S. M.

The vanity of Balaam's wife.

1 HOW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share,
In such a happy death.

2 " Oh! let me die," said he,
" The death the righteous do;
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few."

3 The force of truth, how great!
When enemies confess,

Nope but the righteous, whom they hate,
A solid hope possess.

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere :

He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 He seem'd the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth ;

But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,
For none can serve them both.

6 May we, O Lord, most high,
Warning from hence receive,
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

HYMN XCVII. L. M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLIC TED faint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart desp'nd and say,
" How shall I stand the tryin' day ?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And though the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty croſs,
Of ſore affliction, pain or loſs,
Or deep diſtreſs, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength ſhall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's preſence ſhall thy fears ſubdue ;
He comes to fet thy ſpirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength ſhall be.

HYMN XCVIII. C. M.

Christ the desire of all nations.

Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely prince of grace !
Thy uncreated beauties ſhine,
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wiſhes meet.

3 Thy name as precious ointment ſhed,
Delights the church around :
Sweetly the ſacred odors spread,
Through all Emmanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy ſpirits live
On thy exhaustleſs ſtore ;
From thee they all their bliſs receive,
And ſtill thou giueſt more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ,
Through all eternity.

HYMN XCIX. L. M.

Christ our example. John xiii. 15.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

2 See how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love :
If we regard the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

5 But ah, how blind ! how weak we are !
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN C. C. M.

Christ the pearl of great price. Matt. xiii. 46.

1 Ye glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense,
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !

3 Jesu, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet !

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And think myself most bles'd.

6 Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN CI. L. M.

Christ the physician of souls. Jeremiah viii. 22.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no Sov'reign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh.

To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?

4 There is a great physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul and live ;
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear,
Such ease as nature cannot give !

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only this dear sacred flood,
Can cleanse the heart, and heal its woe.

6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sov'reign cure is found ;
A cordial for a fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

HYMN CII L. M.

Christ the Christian's sufficiency.

1 Now in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise :
With all the Saints I'll join to tell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And then he undertook my cause ;
To save me when I did rebel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 And since my soul hath known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove ?
Mercy, which doth all praise excel ;
For Jesus hath done all things well.

4 Whene'er my Saviour and my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle ro !
I know in all which hath beset,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

5 Sometinies the Lord his face doth hide,
To make me pray, and kill my pride ;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

6 Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
How Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN CIII. L. M.

The effects of the fall lamented.

1 SEE human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name ;
The father wounded through the son ;
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

2 See the short course of vain delight,
Clos'd in everlasting night ;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Kindled by sin the source of woe.

3 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves :
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYWM CIV. L. M.

Seeking to God for the communication of his spirit.
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious sov'reign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down :
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Oh, hear the pray'r thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes,
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace, which now they scorn.

4 Oh, let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be,
A living sacrifice to thee.

5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

HYMN CV. L. M.

The leadings of the spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious spirit, heav'nly dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd ;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN CVI. Eights.

The influences of the spirit desired.

1 ETERNAL spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, condescending spirit, come !

2 In our cold breasts, Oh, strike a spark
Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still :
Come, vivifying spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home !

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise ;
Let every pious passion glow ;
Oh, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, condescending spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home !

HYMN CVII. L. M.

The influences of the spirit experienced. John xiv.
16, 17.

1 SURE the blest comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;
Else would my hope forever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice ?

3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires ;
Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?

4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

5 And when my cheerful hope can fay,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

6 Let thy kind spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN CVIII. L. M.

The grieved spirit entreated not to depart. Ps. li. ix.

1 STAY, thou insulted spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight ;

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 But Oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great high-priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand !
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CIX. C. M.

The spirit of God insensibly withdrawn. Judges
xvi. 20.

1 A PRESENT God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope ;
When he withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.

2 But flatt'ring trifles charm our hearts,
To court their false embrace,
Till justly this neglected friend
Averts his angry face.

3 He leaves us and we miss him not,
But go presumptuous on ;
Till baffled, wounded, and enslav'd,
We learn, that God is gone.

4 And what, my soul, can then remain,
One ray of light to give?
Sever'd from him, their better life,
How can his children live?

5 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,
And leave my heart to mourn:
I wou'd devote these eyes to tears,
Till clear'd by his return.

6 Look back, my Lord, and own the place,
Where once thy temple stood;
For lo! its ruins bear the mark
Of rich atoning blood.

HYMN CX. Sevens.

Sin bewailed.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;

As my guide, my guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN CXI. L. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 OUR wishes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain,
Before we feel the Saviour's love,
Kindling our love to him again.

2 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Desires, till then unknown, take place ;
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holiness and grace.

3 And dost thou say, " Ask what thou wilt ?"
Lord, I will seize the golden hour ;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

4 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear ;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

HYMN CXII. C. M.

Faith's review and expectation.

1 AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN CXIII. L. M.

The pressure of sin.

1 OH, that my load of sin were gone—
Oh, that I could at last submit,
At Jesu's feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see ?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)
My heart were from its sins releas'd :
Oh, let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come I pray.

HYMN CXIV. L. M.

A sinner submitting to God.

1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace ;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
Unless thy sov'reign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till thy spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine, a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here then to thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

5 With simple truth to thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the pool—
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

6 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN CXV. L. M.

Invitation to sinners.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord :
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the father is to own,
And kis his late returning Son,
Ready the gracious Saviour stands
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the spirit from above,
To fill the sinful heart with love,
To apply and witness Jesu's blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps by which they praise,
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

6 Oh, quit this world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms ;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN CXVI. C. M.

Fortitude under reproaches.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or shall I basely flee ?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss ;
Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul, why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man ?
Behold thy heav'nly captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

5 Oh, how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word ;
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.

6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call me what they will ;
If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still.

HYMN CXVII. C. M.

The Gospel suited to the wants of all.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak ;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

HYMN CXVIII. L. M.

The Excellency of the Priesthood of Christ.

1 'MIDST all the priests of Jewish race,
Jesus the most illustrious stands :
The radiant beauty of his face
Superior love and awe demands.

2 Not Aaron or Melchizedeck
Could claim such high descent as he ;
His nature and his name bespeak
His unexampled pedigree.

3 Descending from the throne above,
He bears the endearing name of son ;
Dress'd in our flesh and mov'd by love,
He puts his priestly garments on.

4 See ! he presents his sacrifice,
An off'ring most divinely sweet ;
While clouds of fragrant incense rise,
And cover o'er the mercy seat.

5 The father with approving smile,
Accepts the off'ring of his son :

New joys the wondering angels feel,
And haste to bear the tidings down.

6 The welcome news their lips repeat,
Is sacred pleasure to my breast;
I clefth thy soul, thy cause commit
To Christ, thy advocate and priest.

HYMN CXIX. L. M.

Christ the Way to the Heavenly Canaan.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
I track life, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The way is highway of holiness
I go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
That I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
The more I stumbled but the more,
I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "I am the way."

5 How glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Accept me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I point to thy redeeming blood.
And say, "Behold the way to God."

HYMN CXX. C. M.

Mercy prevailing.. Ezek. xvi. 63.

1 ONCE perishing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give;
But Jesus pass'd me in the way,
He saw, and bade me live.

2 Oh, can I e'er that day forget,
When Jesus kindly spoke!
“ Poor soul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.”

3 Behold, I take thee for my own,
And give myself to thee;
Forsake the idols thou hast known,
And yield thyself to me.”

4 Ah, worthless heart! it promis'd fair,
And said it would be thine;
I little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

5 LORD, dost thou such back-sliding's heal,
And pardon all that's past?
Sure, if I am not made of steel,
I shall relent at last.

6 My tongue which rashly spake before
Thy mercy will restrain;
Surely I now shall boast no more,
Nor censure, nor complain.

HYMN CXXI. L. M.

The power of Divine Grace, in answer to Prayer.
Ezek. xxxvi. 25—28.

1 THEE I proclaim his price abroad:
Behold! cover ye your hearts of stone!
Ye shall no more teach idol-god,
And let me and mine the LORD alone.

2 My grace, a flowing stream proceeds,
To wash your filthiness away ;
Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my statutes to obey.

3 My truth the great design insures,
I give myself away to you ;
Ye shall be mine, I will be yours,
Your GOD, unalterably true.

4 Yet not unsought, nor unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace will I confer ;
No—your whole hearts shall seek the **LORD**,
I'll put a praying spirit there.

5 From the first breath of life divine,
Down to the last expiring hour ;
The gracious work shall all be mine,
Begin and ended in my pow'r.

HYMN CXXII. C. M.

The Leper healed. Matt. viii. 2. 3.

1 WHEN the poor leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel ;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but CHRIST can heal.

2 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd ?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

3 While thus I lay distref'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by ;
To him, though fill'd with shame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.

4 **LORD**, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
On, pity to me shew,

Oh, cleanse my lep'rous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew.

5 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounc'd the healing word ;
“ I will—be clean,” and while he spoke,
I felt my heart restor'd.

6 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove ;
He can relieve, for he is pow'r,
He will, for he is love.

HYMN CXXIII. L. M.

Barrenness and indwelling Sin.

1 LORD, I'm desir'd in every part,
Barren my life, and cold my heart.
Yet sometimes, through thy sovereign grace,
I catch a glimpse of Jesu's face.

2 This gives my drowsy heart a spring,
I fain would rise, and fain would sing ;
But soon a cloud rolls in between,
All black with some indwelling sin.

3 My notes then falter on my tongue,
The foul contagion spoils my song ;
But Thou, who dost the world control,
Speak but the word, I shall be whole.

HYMN CXXIV. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its smart ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares :

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire

Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain :

5 Shews me the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

HYMN CXXV. Eights.

Faith conquering.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in a crucifi'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

'Tis faith that still leads us along,
And lives under pressure and load,
That makes us in weakness more strong,
And draws the soul upward to God.

2 It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair :
And Oh ! let us wonder to tell,
It wrestles and conquers by pray'r.

Permits a vile worm of the dust,
With God to commune as a friend;
To hope his forgiveness as just,
And look for his love to the end.

3 It says to the mountains, "départ,"
That stand between God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
And makes wounded consciences whole;
Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN CXXVI. C. M.

Faith superior to Sense.

- 1 SIGHT, hearing, feeling, taste and smell,
Are gifts we highly prize;
But these may downward lead to hell,
While faith to heav'n doth rise.
- 2 More piercing than the eagle's sight,
Faith views the world unknown;
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And JESUS on the throne.
- 3 It hears the mighty voice of GOD,
And ponders what he saith;
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.
- 4 It feels the touch of heav'nly power,
And from the boundless source,
Derives fresh vigour ev'ry hour
To run its daily course.
- 5 The truth and goodness of the LORD
Are suited to its taste;
Meat is the worldling's pamper'd board,
Faith's perpetual feast.

6 Till saving faith possess the mind,
 In vain of sense we boast ;
 We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,
 And deaf, and dead, and lost..

HYMN CXXVII. Sevens and Sixes.

Divine light breaking into the Soul.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises

The Christian while he sings ;

It is the Lord who rises

With healing on his wings ;

When comforts are declining,

He grants the soul again

A season of clear shining,

To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,

We sweetly then pursue

The theme of God's salvation,

And find it ever new :

Set free from present sorrow,

We cheerfully can say,

E'n let th' unknown to-morrow

Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing

But he will bear us thro',

Who gives the lilies clothing,

Will clothe his people too ;

Beneath the spreading heavens,

No creature but is fed ;

And he who feeds the ravens,

Will give his children bread.

4 Tho' vine nor fig-tree neither

Their wonted fruit should bear,

Tho' all the fields should wither,

Nor flocks nor herds be there ;

Yet God the same abiding,
 His prafe shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN CXXVIII. C. M.

Christ revealed in a soul slain by the law.

1 SMOTE by thy law, I'm justly slain,
 Great God, behold my case ;
 Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
 Nor drive me from thy face.

2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul,
 Thy justice, all in flames,
 Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
 So hard, so full of crinies.

3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel ;
 I fear, but can't relent,
 Perhaps of endless death the seal :
 Oh, that I could repent !

4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile,
 My duties black with guilt ;
 On such a wretch can mercy smile,
 Tho' Jesu's blood was spilt ?

5 Speechless I sink to endless night,
 I see an opening hell :
 But lo ! what glory strikes my sight ?
 Such glory who can tell !

6 Enwrapt in these bright beams of peace,
 I feel a gracious God :
 Swell, swell the note ; Oh, tell his grace !
 Sound his high praise abroad !

7 Now rise, my soul, adore and love,
Leave sin and hell behind;
Give all thy pow'r's to heav'n above,
And praise th' eternal mind.

HYMN CXXIX. L. M.

On the hardness of the heart.

1 OH, for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take the stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;
The sea can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 Thy judgments, Lord, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought !) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

4 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

5 But pow'r divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that pow'r I need;
Thy spirit can from drofs refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

6 Then, dearest Lord, thy spirit give,
And make my drooping heart revive;
No longer then shall I repine,
No longer mourn this heart of mine.

7 But anthenis dwell upon my tongue,
 And this shall ever be my song,
 'Twas neught but sov'reign love divine,
 That mov'd this stupid heart of mine.

HYMN CXXX. Sevens.

Christ's Ascension.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
 Christ a while to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n,
 There the pompous triumph waits ;
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates !"
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 " Take the King of glory in !"

2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
 Tho' returning to his throne,
 Still he call's mankind his own ;
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares a place,
 Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our world away ;
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee !
 Grant, tho' parted from our sight :
 High above yon azure height.—
 Grant our souls may thither rife,
 Foll'wing thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing for a hapier home

There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign,
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN CXXXI. Sevens.

Christ's triumphant ascension.

1 JESUS our triumphant head,
 Ris'n victorious from the dead ;
 To the realms of glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful throne.

2 Cherubs on the conqueror gaze,
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;
 Each bright order of the sky,
 Hails him, as he passes by !

3 Saints the glorious triumph meet ;
 See their garments at his feet !
 By his scars his toils are view'd,
 And his garments roll'd in blood !

4 Heav'n its king congratulates,
 Opens wide her golden gates ;
 Angels, songs of vict'ry bring,
 All the blissful regions ring !

5 Sinners join the heav'ly pow'rs,
 For redemption all is ours ;
 None but burden'd sinners prove
 Blood bought pardon, dying love.

6 Hail ! thou dear, thou worthy Lord !
 Holy Lamb ! incarnate word !
 Hail ! thou suff'ring Son of God !
 Take the trophies of thy blood.

HYMN CXXXII. L. M.

*Hope encouraged by a view of the divine perfe-
tion.* 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe when God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand;
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this failing frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread, how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
And from my refuge ne'er remove.

5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A surest help in times of need,
Still kind to hear and strong to save.

6 To give my doxie O gracious Lord,
And ease the torments of my breast;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

HYMN CXXXIII. C. M.

A penitent pleading for mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 [On us, the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 We sink, with all this weight opprest;
Sink down to death and hell;
Oh, give our troubled spirits rest,
Our numerous fears relief.]

4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
We would thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

5 Oh, for thy own, for Je-su's sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

HYMN. CXXXIV. Sevens.

Singing in Life. Haish XXXV. 10. Luke xii. 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'ly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Sing at, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Je-su's throne shall rest;

There your seats are now prepared,
There your king lies and reigns.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! submissive make us ge,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN CXXV. L. M.

Return of joy.

1 WHEN darkness long has veild my mind,
And snailing day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The body of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbeliv'ing heart,
And blus'f that I should ever be
So prone to act a sinful part,
And it'll indulge distrust of thee.

3 Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn :
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a lesther yet,
Unkind, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thine
Sightless the disobedient will;
Divesd doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is laid.

6 Then art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Lord, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

HYMN CXXXVI. L. M.

Gravity and decency.

1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dear'y bought with Jesu's blood!
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

3 Deth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Will suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 Lord, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by
Oh, raise o'er hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;

5 Then we will look on toys below,
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To manions promis'd in the skies.

HYMN CXXXVII. L. M.

A young convert falling into darkness.

1 WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Pain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold
 The love of Christ that can't be told,
 They view themselves upon the shore,
 And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
 And think their enemies are slain ;
 They make no doubt but all is well,
 And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 Ring with melodious joyful sound,
 Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
 Their feeble souls begin to reel ;
 They think their former hopes were vain,
 For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
 Is turned to the shades of night ;
 Their hearts that did with music ring,
 Are now untun'd in every string.

7 O, foolish child why dost thou boast,
 In the enlargement of thy coast ?
 Why didst thou think to fly away,
 Before thou leav'st this feeble clay ?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
 Come gird on harness, sword and shield ;
 Stand fast in faith, fight for your king,
 And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
 Then meet him with these blessed lines :
 Jesus our Lord has won the field,
 And we're determin'd not to yield.

HYMN CXXXVIII. L. M.

Love to Christ, present or absent.

1 OF all the joys, which creatures know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
'Tis the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

2 While we are held in thy embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 Hearing thy speech, immortal joys
Ravish our ears, and fill the heart;
Our souls all melt by thy dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

4 When of thy absence we complain,
And long and weep and humbly pray;
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

5 When round thy courts by day we rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night,
For some kind tidings from above,
Thy very name creates delight.

6 Jesus our God, descend and come,
Our eyes shall dwell upon thy face;
'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,
And feel the presence of thy grace.

HYMN CXXXIX. S. M.

The good, that I would, I do not. Rom. viii. 13.

1 I would, but cannot sing,

I would, but cannot pray,

For Satan meets me when I try,

And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavor oft ;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent
 Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
 Though woo'd by love divine ;
 No arguments have pow'r to move
 A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
 In God's most holy will ;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

5 Oh, could I but believe !
 Then all would easy be ;
 I would but cannot—Lord, relieve !
 My help must come from thee.

6 Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun ?
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run ?

HYMN CXL. C. M.

The doubting Christian.

1 OF sinful Adam's numerous race,
 I find myself most vile ;
 To me can God extend his grace,
 Or ever grant a smile ?

2 Can I be call'd a child of God,
 Can I his promise claim ;
 While sinking in the loathsome flood,
 Of inbred sin and shame ?

3 Once I could shout his praises high,
 And call him Lord and king ;

But now how cold and dead I lie,
Nor dare I think to sing:

4 Once I could join his praying flock,
And thought the union sweet;
Conscience forbids me now to mock,
By claiming there a seat.

5 Was I deceiv'd? Blest spirit tell,
Nor leave me to despair:
Sometimes a heav'n, sometimes a hell,
Within this heart appear.

6 Sometimes I feel a beam divine,
Then God I own and love;
It seems direct from heav'n to shine,
And call me strait above.

7 I stretch my wings, and fain would fly;
But Oh, my want of pow'r!
The vision ends, I sin and sigh,
And count the awful score,

8 Great God, resolve this painful strife,
Grant faith and love may reign;
Then I'll devote an endless life
To sing in highest strain.

HYMN CXLI. C. M.

A Prayer of the sick Soul.

1 THOU great Physician of the soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Help me to state my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
Nor words, nor thoughts, can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread ;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsey in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame ;
It overclouds, and filis my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast ;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.

6 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free ;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee ?

HYMN CXLII. C. M.

O that I were as in mount's past. Job xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now when ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns :

And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns

5 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care ;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

HYMN CXLIII. Sevens.

The Christian in darkness.

1 SAVIOUR, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive ;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive :
Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

2 Once I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move ;
Then thy grace was all my song.
Then my soul was fill'd with love ;
Those were happy golden days,
Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

3 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r ;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour !
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

4 Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
"Boaster, where is now your God ?"

Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
 Let him know I'm bought with blood :
 Tell him, since I know thy name,
 Though I change, thou art the same.

HYMN CXLIV. C. M.

The contrite heart.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow :
 Then tell me, gracious GOD, is mine
 A contrite heart or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel ;
 If ought is felt, 'tis only pain
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Like thy saints with comfort fill'd,
 Within thy house of pray'r ;
 But still in bondage I am held,
 And find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break,
 And heal it if it be.

HYMN CXLV. Sevens.

Self Examination.

1 'TIS a point I long to find,
Oft it causes anxious thought :
Am I to the Lord inclin'd ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name !

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove ?
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the LORD indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sup ;

Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
Help me rise to praise and pray ;
Guide me to the heav'nly shore,
There to see eternal day !

HYMN CXLVI. L. M.

Vanity of the world.

1 WEALTH is a blessing only lent,
To be repaid by deeds of love ;
God gives his bounties to be spent,
To hoard them will his anger move.

2 The world's esteem is but a bribe ;
To buy its peace we sell our own,
Enslav'd by an applauding tribe,
Who hate us while they make us known.

3 The joy that vain amusements give,
To him who thoughtless sports and sing^s,
Is like the honey of a hive,
When guarded by a thousand stings.

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fool's
That live upon her treach'rous smiles ;
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

5 'Tis thus that thousands hasten down
From pleasure, into endless woe ;
And with a long despairing groan,
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

6 Warn'd by their woes, may we be wise,
Delighting in a Saviour's charms ;
Then God will take us to the skies,
Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

HYMN CXLVII. C. M.

Trust of the wicked and the righteous. Jer. xvii. 5, 8.

1 SEE how the worthless bramble stands,

Beneath a burning sky ;

Wither'd and parch'd in barren sands,

And only grows to die.

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,

Who makes the world his trust ;

And dares his confidence to place

In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,

And dries his moisture up ;

He lives a while, but bears no fruit,

Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend

Upon the Lord alone ;

The soul that trusts in such a friend

Can ne'er be overthrown.

HYMN CXLVIII. C. M.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.

1 GRANT, Lord, I may delight in thee,

And on thy care depend ;

To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,

My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dry'd,

Thy fulness is the same ;

May I with this be satisfy'd,

And glory in thy name !

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,

Who has a fountain near,

A fountain which will ever run,

With waters sweet and clear ?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But all is found in thee ;
I must be blessed, and abound,
While thou art God to me.

5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !

6 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

HYMN CXLIX. L. M.

The wonderful love of Christ.

1 COME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies !

2 Oh ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look
Should seek and wish a mortal love !

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains :
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace ! almighty charms !
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies !
Jesus the God extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?

Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart ;
"By these dear wounds," faith he ; and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move ?
Lord ! melt this stubborn heart to tears ;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

HYMN CL. S. M.

A parting Hymn.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.

2 Before our father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN CLI. S. M.

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let discord, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away :
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where stream's of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN CLII. C. M.

Love to our enemies from the example of Christ.
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

- 1 ALOUD we sing the wond'rous grace,
Christ to his murderers bare ;
Which made the tottering cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 " Father forgive," his mercy cry'd,
With his expiring breath,

And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
And whilst we sing admire;
Breathe on our souls and kindle there,
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, Lord,
For enemies we'll pray;
With love, their hatred we'll reward,
With blessings we'll repay.

HYMN CLIII. C. M.

All attainments vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3.

1 SHOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God, I shoud be poor,
If void of love to thee.

2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
Could make me truly good:
Nor zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.

3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were deny'd thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs
Would be but sounding brass.

4 Though thou shouldest give me heav'nly skil,
Each myst'ry to explain,
Had I no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.

5 Had I so strong a faith, my God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 Oh, grant me then this one request,
And I'll be satisfy'd,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

HYMN CLIV. L. M.

Christian patience. Luke xxi. 19.

1 PATIENCE ! Oh, what a grace divine !
Giv'n by the God of love and pow'r,
That leans upon a father's hand,
In ev'ry dark, afflicting hour.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state ;
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we in full sensation feel
The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 Oh, for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest !

5 Faith into vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die ;
And patience in possession end,
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

HYMN CLV. L. M.

Patience from an assurance of divine love.

1 DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup,
Thy gracious hand pours out to me,
I cheerfully will drink it up,
That cannot hurt which comes from thee.

2 'Tis fill'd with thine unchanging love,
And not a drop of wrath is there :
The saints for ever bless'd above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will ;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

HYMN CLVI. Eights.

A Prayer for the promised rest in Christ.

1 DEAR friend of guilty sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine ;
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
And make his heart to thee resign,
A worm, by guilt and sin distrest,
That pants to reach the promis'd rest.

2 With holy fear, and rev'rend love,
I long to lie beneath thy throne ;
In thee to live, in thee to move,
And slay myself on thee alone :
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,
To find in thee the promis'd rest.

3 Sure, Lord, thou wilt thy servants keep,
And bles's them with thy gracious smiles,
A gentle shepherd of thy sheep,
To guard them from the tempter's wiles :
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust in thee for promis'd rest.

4 Take me, dear Saviour, for thine own,
And make me love thy righteous cause ;
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,
And bend me to obey thy laws :
Let me in thy dear arms be blest,
And find in thee the promis'd rest !

HYMN CLVII. C. M.

Rejoice with trembling in hope of heaven.

- 1 I WAS a grow'ling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth ;
I wanted wisdom to renounce,
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God hath spoke from heav'n above,
And blest a guilty worm ;
Hath giv'n the wings of joy and love
To seek an Angel's form.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand ;
I hear the promise from on high,
And view the glorious land.
- 4 Blest Lord of all the vast domain,
This promise is to me ;
The length, the breadth, and all the plain,
And more than faith can see.
- 5 Though comforting this gracious pledge,
To thee for help I call,
For still I stand on Pisgah's edge ;
Uphold me lest I fall !
- 6 Though much exalted by the Lord,
My strength is not my own ;
Oh, let me tremble at his word,
Then none shall cast me down.

HYMN CLVIII. Eights and Sevens.

Trusting in the grace of Christ.

- 1 'TIS the Lord thus far hath brought me,
By his watchful tender care ;
Sure 'tis he himself hath taught me
How to seek his face by pray'r ;

After so much mercy past,
Will he give me up at last?

2 True I've been a guilty creature,
And have sinn'd against his grace ;
But forgiveness is his nature,
Though he justly hides his face :
Ere he call'd me, well he knew
What a heart like mine would do.

3 In the Saviour's intercession,
Therefore still I will confide ;
Lord accept my free confession :
Though I've sinn'd, yet thou hast dy'd :
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

HYMN CLIX. C. M.

A prayer for the restoration of the divine presence.

1 BLEST Saviour, by thy pow'rful word,
Once night was turn'd to day ;
And thy salvation joy restor'd,
Which I had sin'd away.

2 'Twas then I wonder'd and ador'd,
To see thy grace divine ;
I felt thy love, I prais'd the Lord,
Who made such blessings mine.

3 Wilt thou not still vouchsafe to own
A wretch so vile as I ?
May I not still approach thy throne,
And Abba father cry ?

4 Lord, speak a gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart,
No voice but thine can sothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

HYMN CLX. L. M.

The burdened soul praying for relief.

1 WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O Jefus, Lord of life on high !
And on thy servant's drooping head,
The dews of blessing sweetly shed.

2 Change all my sad complaints to ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise ;
A sense of pard'ning favor give,
And raise my mind and bid me live.

3 My fears of danger while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath,
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort change within.

4 Be not to me a judge severe,
For so thy presence who can bear ?
But oh, regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye.

5 Then grant, O Lord, that I may burn
To make my Saviour some return,
And be my heart inspir'd to rise,
On wings of love to yonder skies.

6 Lead me with joy to bear my cross,
Despising ev'ry grief and loss,
Since thou, despising shame and pain,
Stretch'd on the bloody cross wast slain.

HYMN CLXI. L. M.

Prayer of a Penitent. Psa. vi. Paraphrased

1 OH, that the Lord would hear my cry,
And stay his anger lest I die !
Thy wrath is just—yet, Oh, forgive !
And let a mourning sinner live.

2 Shouldst thou my body crush to dust,
I still must say that God is just ;
But yet I hope thy grace to share,
That mercy will the sinner spare.

3 In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin ;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain ?

4 Oh, should I die depriv'd of thee ?
What being else can succour me ?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depth beneath.

5 Ye darling sins that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,
Depart—for God hath heard my pray'r,
And will not let me long despair.

6 No ; I shall yet his goodness bless ;
And when this transient life shall pass,
Then full of glory, I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love.

HYMN CLXII. Tens.

The Backslider's Return.

1 O THOU, my God, who from thy throne supreme,
Art mindful of the penitential tear,
Kindly dispersing, with thy mercy's beam,
The gath'ring clouds of darkness and despair ;
Lord, lend thine ear ! Oh, hear a sinner's cry !
And save a wretch thy law condemns to die !

2 Long has thy gospel sounded in mine ears,
And once I tho't I made thy ways my choice ;
But now, alas ! o'erwhelm'd with gloomy fears,
I scarce can hear my heav'nly shepherd's voice.

Oh, shine again ! revive my drooping heart !
Subdue my foes, and bid my fears depart !

3 Entangled with the world's delusive charms,
Mine enemies against my soul prevail ;
Prevail to thrust me, wretched, from thine arms,
While guilt and unbelief my hope assail.
O God, my God, display thy guardian care,
Nor let me fall a victim to despair !

4 Does not thy promise bid me rest secure ?
And can I trust thy faithfulness in vain ?
Shall not thy truth from age to age endure ?
And wilt thou not thy people's cause maintain ?
Then shine again, my fainting soul restore,
And hold me with thy hand to fall no more !

HYMN CLXIII. Eights and Sixes.

Healing from a view of the Cross.

1 WITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
When Israel's mourning tribes complain'd,
And sigh'd to be reliev'd ;
A serpent, straight the prophet made,
Of molten brass, to view disp'ay'd :
The patient look'd and liv'd.

2 But Oh, what healing to the heart,
Doth Jesu's greater cross impart
To those that seek a cure ?
Israel of old, and we no less
The same indulgent grace confess,
While life and breath endure.

3 To reason's view, this strange effect
Self righteous souls will still reject,
And perish in their pride ;
But those who're stung with sin and law
Do all their rich salvation draw
From Jesu's bleeding side

4 May we then view the matchless cross,
All other objects count but loss;
No other gain desire:
Here still be fix'd our feasted eyes,
Weeping with tears of glad surprise;
And thankfully admire.

5 Hail, great Emmanuel, balmy name!
Thy praise the ransom'd will proclaim;
Thee we Physician call:
We own no other cure but thine,
Thou, the deliverer divine,
Our health, our life, our all.

HYMN CLXIV. C. M.

Christian Resignation; or, God our portion.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmur'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis a deceitful cheat;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A piercing thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

HYMN CLXV. C. M.

Submission and hope in divine goodness.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never haft a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey thro',
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Will drive these thoughts away.

HYMN. CLXVI. C. M.

Christian Self-denial, Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
 Will more than make amends,
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair !

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
 A single smile obtain,
 Tho' destitute of all things else,
 I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN CLXVII. C. M.

Sincerity and truth. Phil. iv. 8.

1 LET those who bear the Christian name
 Their holy vows fulfil :
 The saints, the followers of the lamb,
 Are men of honor still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Tho' to their hurt they swear :
 Constant and just to all they speak,
 For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
 Nor flatt'ring words devise :
 They know the God of truth can see
 Thro' every false disguise.

4 From all deceit they swiftly fly,
 What ever shape it wears,
 They love the truth—and when they die,
 Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo ! from afar the Lord descends,
 And brings the judgment down ;

He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die,
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And guilty liar fly ?

HYMN CLXVIII. L. M.

Tekel ; or the sinner weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Dan. v. 27.

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye ;
Behold God's balance lifted high ;
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law ;
Mark with what force its precepts draw :
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain ?
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !

3 Behold the hand of God appears,
To trace in dreadful characters ;
“ Sinner, thy soul is wanting found,
“ And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”

4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace,
And horror change thy guilty face ;
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.

5 One only hope may yet prevail ;
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale ;
Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

6 Great God, exert thy pow'r to save ;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave ;
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

HYMN CLXIX. C. M.

A sinner lamenting the delay of divine grace.

- 1 LONG have I walk'd this dreary road,
Beset with darkness round ;
Nor seen nor heard a smiling God,
Nor one bright moment found.
- 2 Others, who once did join my speech,
And mourn'd in painful lay,
Now mounting up with rapture, stretch
To seize a heav'nly day.
- 3 Far left behind to feel my woe,
With harden'd heart to groan,
Each pray'r, each struggle sinks me low,
Each breath repeats my moan.
- 4 The lengthen'd day, the gloomy night,
Draw fast the bands of grief ;
Sometimes despair o'erclouds my sight,
And says, there's no relief.
- 5 Then conscience thunders, Sinai flames,
I try again to rise ;
The trial fails, and conscience blames
My pray'rs, my tears, my cries.
- 6 If hope perchance a moment gleams,
And says, Christ's blood was spilt ;
My heart of sin beclouds the beams,
And seals my death and guilt.
- 7 'Tis thus perplex'd, forlorn, and lost,
I spend my weary days ;
No Jesus comes, my hopes are crost,
While others sing and praise.

HYMN CLXX. L. M.

God's answer to a sinner complaining of grace delayed.

1 SINNER, behold I've heard thy groan,
I know thy heart, thy life I've known ;
I've seen thy hope from grace proclaim'd,
Thy trembling fear when Sinai flam'd.

2 To me, the mighty God, attend,
In me behold the sinner's friend ;
'Twas I who gave thy conscience voice,
Thou hast oppos'd by sinful choice.

3 Think not to bribe my sov'reign grace,
Nor move me by a sorrowing face ;
'Tis thine own heart makes grace delay,
And hides a pard'ning, glorious day.

4 Mov'd by thy fear, and not by love,
Thy daily pray'rs are sent above ;
Thou hast not wish'd my will to meet,
Nor lain submissive at my feet.

5 The holy terms of gospel grace,
Have hid my glory from thy face ;
To hearts and wills like thine oppos'd
The door of peace is ever clos'd.

6 Should thy proud will at length submit,
With holy sorrow deeply smit,
Thy voice would be the first to say,
I'm glorious in this long delay.

7 Stay, sinner, cease my grace to chide,
Nor think thy moans such sin can hide,
Delay no more, repent and live,
Or meet the death my wrath must give.

HYMN CLXXI. C. M.—

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 SURE 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
For bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.
- 2 There's nothing round the spreading skies,
Or on this earthly clod ;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.
- 3 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace :
And all the heav'n I hope above,
Is but to see his face.
- 4 Why move my years in slow delay ?
And why this fear to die ?
Death's but a guide that leads my way,
To a superior sky.
- 5 Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings,
That bind me to my clay ;
Help me to rise and stretch my wings,
And mount and soar away.

HYMN CLXXII. L. M.—

A Christian passing through death to glory.

- 1 'TIS Jesus calls my soul away,
I hear his voice, and I obey ;
For sure his wond'rous pow'r to save,
Strangely perfumes the wasting grave.
- 2 My weakness, weariness, and pain,
My glorious leader can sustain,
To heal the wounds of sin and death,
He bids me look to him by faith.

3 Faith like an anchor, through the vail,
Secures a hold that cannot fail ;
There, through a Saviour's cleansing blood,
Beholds a reconciled God.

4 This tott'ring frame I feel give way,
My sight decays, I lose the day ;
But sure I feel a pow'r divine,
And heav'nly glories round me shine.

5 In love triumphing now I sing,
Death and the grave have lost their sting,
Adieu, corruption, sin, and pain,
With Jesu now I live and reign.

6 Oh, the bright glories of the place,
What radiant smiles from Jesu's face !
Too bright for mortal heart to bear,
'Tis heav'n itself to see and hear.

7 Strangely inspir'd, I find my tongue
Can speak my feelings in my song,
And all the heav'nly armies join,
To sing Messiah all divine..

HYMN CLXXIII. L. M. In four parts.

Death and Heaven.

PART I.

The spirit's farewell to the body after long sickness.

1 HOW am I held a pris'ner now,
Far from my God ! this mortal chain
Binds me to sorrow : all below
Is short-liv'd ease, or tiresome pain.

2 When shall that wond'rous hour appear,
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God ?

3 Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,
These snares and fetters of the mind,
My God! nor let this frame arise,
Till ev'ry dust be well refin'd.

4 Blest Jesus! make my nature whole,
Mould me a body like thy own,
Then shall it better servē my soul,
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

PART II.

The departing moment, or absent from the body.

5 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought,
From pains and tears and all their springs.

6 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke!
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

7 Absent from flesh! then rise my soul!
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns where planets roll,
Meas'ring the cares and joys of time.

8 I go where God and glory shine;
His presence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Jesus waits and points the way.

PART III.

Entrance into Paradise, or present with the Lord.

9 AND is this heav'n? and am I there?
How short the road, how swift the flight?
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

10 Is this the heavenly friend who hung
In blood and anguish on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me ?

11 Lo ! he presents me at the throne
All spotless ; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful through the Son :
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly strains.

12 How fair, thou blest, eternal word !
Full Godhead shines through all thy face !
Thy death procur'd this blest abode,
Thy vital beamis adorn the place !

PART IV.

The sight of God in Heaven.

13 Creator God, eternal light,
Fountain of good, tremendous pow'r,
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight,
Beauty and love unknown before !

14 Thy grace, thy nature all unknown,
In yon dark region whence I came,
Where languid glimpes from thy throne,
And feeble whispers taught thy name.

15 I'm in a world where all is new ;
Myself, my God ; O blest amaze !
Not my best hopes or wishes knew
To form a shadow of this grace.

16 Fix'd on my God my heart adore,
My restless thoughts forbear to rove,
Ye meaner passions stir no more,
But all my pow'rs be joy and love.

HYMN CLXXIV. C. M.

Spiriual mindedness; or inward religion.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know !
- 2 More needful this, than glitt'ring wealth,
Or ought the world bestows ;
Nor reputation food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own !
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

HYMN CLXXV. C. M.

Encouragement to trust and love God. Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his name their trust,

4 Oh, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Come make his service your delight ;
He'll make your wants his care.

H Y M N CLXXVI. L. M.

Trust and confidence ; or, looking beyond present appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more take place ;
Tho' Jesus doth not yet appear,
But hides the brightness of his face.

2 Still I will never let him go,
Nor basely to the tempter yield ;
His strength will lead triumphing thro',
I never will give up the field.

3 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil :

4 The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

HYMN CLXXVII. L. M.

Despair prevented by trust in God.

1 LORD, who shall drive my trembling soul,
From trust in thee to dark despair?
Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

2 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
Oh, may I seek, nor seek in vain!

3 I own my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to fwell the score.

4 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast dy'd,
'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

5 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

HYMN CLXXVIII. Eights and Sixes.

Fears removed—It is I, be not afraid. John vi. 20.

1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
From first to last, alas, I've been!

Deceitful is my heart:
Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.

When first I heard his word of grace,
Ungratefully I hid my face,
Ungratefully delay'd:

At leng' h his voice more pow'rful came,
 " 'Tis I" he cry'd " I'm still the same,
 " Thou need'st not be afraid."

3 My heart was chang'd—in that same hour,
 My soul confess'd his mighty pow'r,
 I shed a grateful tear ;
 Then listen'd still to hear his voice,
 Again he said, "汝 me rejoice,
 " 'Tis I, thou need'st not fear "

4 " Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd,
 " Freely I love," he soon reply'd,
 " On me thy faith be staid ;
 " On me for every thing depend,
 " I'm Jesus still, the sinner's friend,
 " Thou need'st not be afraid."

HYMN CLXXIX. L. M.

Love to Jesus.

1 THEE will I love, my Lord, my tow'r,
 Thee will I love, nay joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, with all my pow'r,
 Of mind, and strength, and thee alone.

2 Thee will I love, and bless thy throne,
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
 Thy smiles, thy sceptre, or thy rod.

HYMN CLXXX. L. M.

Redeemed sinners praising eternal love.

1 TO love divine, th' eternal song,
 Shouted around Jehovah's throne,
 Attend, ye sav'd, ye pardon'd throng,
 And make the rising notes your own.

2 'Tis yours to sing th' eternal date
 Of love divixe, and how it moves
 To helpless man ; with triumph great,
 Sing loud, for God the song approves.

3 Hail Bethl'em ! Hail the ruddy morn,
 Whose rays beheld the infant God !
 Messiah, of a virgin born,
 A God ! a man to die in blood.

4 For us, salvation wide displays
 Her amb'ent and refreshing wing ;
 Thy love, dear Saviour, we will praise,
 And all its peerless glories sing.

5 We'll sing the garden and the tree,
 Red with the blood that cries for peace ;
 Heav'n echoes back as pleas'd, in thee
 To shew its glories and its grace.

6 We'll sing a note that high prevails,
 Above the angels free from sin ;
 Who cannot taste the love that heals,
 Or sweets of conscience, thus made clean.

7 Thy love, O Jesu, is the theme,
 The song of saints shall ever tell ;
 And through eternity proclaim
 Thy vict'ry over sin and hell.

HYMN CLXXXI. C. M.

Longing for nearness to God.

1 OH, could I find from day to day,
 A nearness to my God ;
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 And lean upon his word.

2 Lord I desire with thee to live,
 Anew from day to day ;

In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,

That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5 Through boundless grace I then shall spend,
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of that friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 His worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due ;
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new.

HYMN CLXXXII. L. M.

The struggle between faith and unbelief. Mar. ix. 24.

1 JESUS, believing we rejoice,
And triumph in thy pard'ning voice,
But when our unbelief prevails,
Our hope departs, our comfort fails.

2 Thy promise does our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
When unbelief o'erclouds our eyes.

3 Oh, let not sin and Satan boast,
While we lie mourning in the dust ;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
Which thy own gracious pow'r hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
 Reveal the glories of thy name ;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispers'd by op'ning light.

HYMN CLXXXIII. C. M.

Christ the head of the Church. Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,

'That calls base worms thy own ;

Gives them among thy saints a place,

To make thy glories known.

2 Alli'd to thee our vital head,

We act, and grow, and thrive ;

From thee divided, each is dead,

When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,

All join in sweet accord ;

One body all in mutual love,

And thou, their common Lord.

4 Oh, may our faith each hour receive

The spirit from above,

Thus death and hell shall ne'er deceive,

Nor break the bond of love.

5 Thou the whole body wilt present

Before thy Father's face ;

Nor shall a wrinkle, or a spot,

Its beautéous form disgrace.

HYMN CLXXXIV. L. M.

Retirement and meditation. Psalm iv. 4.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,

And chase these shadowy forms no more ;

Seek out some solitude to mourn,

And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
 Retir'd and silent seek them there :
 This is the way to overcome,
 The way to break the tempter's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
 Distinct surveys each deep recess,
 In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
 And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through the recesses of my heart
 My search let heav'nly wisdom guide,
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 'Till all be search'd and purified.

5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
 Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
 'Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
 That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN CLXXXV. C. M.

Submission under bereaving providences. Ps. xvi. 10.

1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death ;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back our breath.

2 'Tis He, the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unweary'd hand,
 A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our cov'nant-God and father he,
 In Christ our bleeding Lord ;
 Who grace can seal the bursting heart,
 With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name ;
 We kiss thy scourging hand ;
 And yield our comforts, and our life,
 To thy supreme command.

HYMN CLXXXVI. C. M.

Belshazzar, or the sinner trembling. Dan, v. 5, 6.

- 1 POOR sinners ! little do they think
 With whom they have to do !
 They stand securely on the brink
 Of everlasting woe.
- 2 Chaldea's king profanely bold,
 The Lord of hosts defy'd ;
 But vengeance soon his boasts control'd,
 And humbled all his pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,
 And trembled on his throne,
 Which wrote his sudden, dreadful fall,
 In characters unknown.
- 4 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress !
 His eyes with anguish roll ;
 His looks and loosen'd joints express
 The terrors of his foul.
- 5 His pomp and music, guests and wine,
 No more delight afford :
 O sinner, e'er this case be thine,
 Begin to seek the Lord.
- 6 The law like this hand writing stands,
 And speaks the wrath of God,
 But Jesus answers its demands,
 And cancels it with blood.

HYMN CLXXXVII. L. M.

Parable of the wheat and tares. Matt. xiii. 37—42.

1 THOUGH in the earthly church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares, in anger up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew!

3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith,
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat:
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
Some, for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, against their will,
Employ his counsel to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Eights and Sevens.

Blind Bartimeus. Mark x. 47, 48.

1 "MERCY; O thou son of David!"
Thus the blind Bartim'us pray'd;
Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid.

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
“ Come, and ask me what you will.”

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live ;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give.

4 “ Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day.”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesu in the way.

5 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around ;
“ Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !

6 Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me !
Surely, they wold hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I freely leave my garment,
Follow Jesu in the way,
He will guide me by his counsel,
bring me to eternal day.”

HYMN CLXXXIX. L. M.

*Our bodies the temple of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi.
19. 1 John v. 21.*

1 AND will th' offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men ?
Will he within this bosom raise,
A living temple to his praise ?

2 The joyful news transports my breast,
All hail! I cry, thou heav'nly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the king of glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heav'nly train,
Here live, and here forever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet:
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

HYMN CXC. Sevens and Sixes.

The pilgrim's song.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
While I that coast explore;
Flat'ring world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night ;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
There we'll join the heav'nly train,
Welcom'd to partake the bliss,
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

HYMN CXCI. L. M.

The Christian warfare.

1 JESUS my king proclaims the war,
“ Awake ! the powers of hell are near !
“ Arm with my grace ! ” I hear him cry,
“ Tis yours to conquer, or to die.”

2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around ;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
The word of God, the sword I wield ;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight ;
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;
His bleeding cross is all my boast :
Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and the victor's crown.

HYNN CXCII. Sevens.

Flying to Christ under Temptation.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I helpless hung on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Lest I basely shrink and flee;
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Reign, O I adjure him, heart,
Reign to all eternity.

HYMN CXCIII. L. M.

Hypocrites, or the blasted fig-tree. Mark xi. 20,
 1 ONE awful word which Jesus spoke,
 Against the tree which bare no fruit,
 More dreadful than the light'ning's stroke,
 Blasted and dry'd it to the root.

2 How many, who the gospel hear,
 Whom Satan blinds, and sin deceives,
 May with this wither'd tree compare?
 They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
 Unless combin'd with faith and love,
 And witness'd by a gospel walk,
 Will not a true profession prove.

4 Without such fruit as God expects,
 Knowledge will make our state the worse;
 The barren trees he still rejects,
 And soon will blast them with his curse.

5 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r,
 On each of us thy spirit send;
 That we the fruits of grace may bear,
 And find acceptance in the end.

HYMN CXCIV. L. M.

Christians endangered by the cares of the world.
 Luke x. 38—42.

1 BLESS'D Martha love and joy express'd,
 To entertain her heav'nly guest;
 While Mary, ravish'd with her Lord,
 Sat at his feet, and heard his word.

2 True love divine, in both the same,
 Led each to glorify his name;
 Each met her Lord with joyful heart,
 "But Mary chose the better part."

3 While one prepar'd her earthly bread,
 'The other waited to be fed ;
 One toil'd with care to spread a feast,
 The other lean'd on Jesu's breast.

4 Both met the favor of their Lord,
 His grace for each prepar'd a word ;
 While Mary drank full draughts of love,
 Grace, careful Martha, did reprove.

5 Thus Christians with the world are vex'd,
 Oft are encumber'd and perplex'd ;
 Vain trifles so engross their thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot.

6 Teach us, dear Lord, that part to choose,
 Which through thy grace we ne'er shall lose ;
 Then could we call the world our own,
 We'd leave it all to see thy throne.

HYMN CXCV. C. M.

The rich worldling condemned. Luke xii. 16—21.

1 " MY barns are full, my stores increase,
 And now for many years,
 Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,
 Secure from wants and fears."

2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,
 As many now presume ;
 He heard the Lord himself pronounce,
 His sudden, awful doom.

3 " This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
 Into a world unknown ;
 And who shall then the stores possess,
 Which thou hast call'd thine own ?"

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme
 For happiness below ;

Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

5 Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,
When torn, by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind.

6 Worldlings, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of stings,
And hell a dark abode.

7 Dear Saviour, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend ;
That we may live above the skies,
When time and life shall end.

HYMN CXCVI. S. M.

Importunate Prayer. Luke xviii. 1—7.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love,
 Engage him on their side ;
 When they are griev'd, his bowels move.
 They will not be deny'd.

6 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in pray'r,
 He sees, he hears, and from on high,
 Will make our cause his care.

HYMN CXCVII. L. M.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
 In coming to a mercy seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
 But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
 Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight ;
 Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles, when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
 With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
 " Hear what the Lord hath done for me,

HYMN CXCVIII S. M.

Waiting at the Pool. John v. 2—4.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor;
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 When will the Lord appear,
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.
- 3 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
- 4 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 5 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry,
Will Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?
- 6 No! he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN CXCIX. C. M.

Eternal Life in Christ. John vi. 67—69.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(As numbers often do)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
“Wilt thou forsake me too?”

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 'Tis thou alone hast pow'r and grace,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom shall I then turn my face,
If I depart from thee.

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd
Thou art the Christ of God ;
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

HYMN CC. Eights and Sixes.

Power of Divine Love. Acts ix. 6.

1 IF God had bid his thunders roll,
And lightnings flash, to blant my soul,
I still had stubborn been :
But mercy has my heart subdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.

2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free ;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.

3 My will conform'd to thine would move,
On thee my hope, desire, and love,
In fix'd attention join ;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

4 And can I be the very same,
Who lately durst blaspheme thy name,
And on thy gospel tread ?
Surely each one who hears my case,
Will praise thee, and confess thy grace
Invincible indeed !

HYMN CCI. C. M.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God,
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home ;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The comforter is come.

3 Down from on high the blessed dove,
Is come into my breast ;
To witness God's eternal love ;
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 This makes me, abba father, cry,
With confidence of soul ;
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,
And that without control.

5 There is a stream which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,

And from the lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the chryſtal ſtone.

6 The ſtream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels ſing,
One cordial drop revives my heart ;
Hence all my joys do ſpring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden mafna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, haſt laid up for thine,
And haſt to me reveal'd.

9 I ſee thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love ;
My ſoul doth leap ; but oh ! for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !

10 Then ſhould I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of fin ;
Then ſhould my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

11 Then ſhould my ſoul with angels eaſt,
On joys that always laſt :
Bless'd be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

HYMN C C I I . C. M.

Rejoicing in a revival of religion.

1 HARK ! hear the ſound, on earth 'tis found,
My ſoul delights to hear
Of dying love, that's from above,
Of pardon boUGHT most dear.

2 God's ministers, a flaming fire,
Are passing through the land,
Their voice is, " hear, repent and fear,
" King Jesus is at hand."

3 Young converts sing and praise their king,
And bless God's holy name ;
Whilst older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

4 Convinc'd of sin, men now begin
To call upon the Lord,
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

5 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth ;
And saints in pray'r, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth !

6 Pour down a show'r of thy great pow'r,
On ev'ry aching heart ;
On all who try, and humbly cry,
That they may have a part.

7 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord !
Saints, raise your songs—with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

HYMN CCIII. L. M.

An awakened sinner lamenting his past security.

1 ALAS, alas, how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen !
Sportive I fail'd the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God whom I defy'd.

2 I heard of heav'n, I heard of hell,
Where bliss and woe eternal dwell ;

But mock'd the threats of truth divine,
And scorn'd the place where angels shine.

3 My angry heart refus'd the blood
Of a descending, suff'ring God ;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which heav'n had spoke.

4 Th' alluring world control'd my choice,
When conscience spake, I hush'd its voice,
Securely laugh'd along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 Now the almighty God comes near,
And makes me shake with awful fear ;
His terrors all my strength exhaust,
My fear grows high, my peace is lost.

6 With keen remorse I feel my wound,
And seem to hear the dreadful sound,
“ Depart from me, thou wretch undone,
“ Go reap thy sin, and feel my frown.”

7 Thus ends my mirthful, thoughtless life,
Fill'd up with folly, guilt, and strife ;
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

HYMN CCIV. C. M.

The successful resolve. I will go in unto the king.
Esther iv. 16

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve.

2 “ I'll go to Jesus; though my sin
“ Hath like a mountain rose ;
“ I know his courts. I'll enter in,
“ Whatever may oppose.

3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 " And there my guilt confess,
 " I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 " Without his sov'reign grace.

4 " I'll to the gracious king approach,
 " Whose sceptre pardon gives,
 " Perhaps he may command my touch,
 " And then the suppliant lives.

5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 " Perhaps will hear my pray'r ;
 " But if I perish I will pray,
 " And perish only there.

6 " I can but perish if I go,
 " I am resolv'd to try :
 " For if I stay away, I know
 " I must forever die."

HYMN CCV. Eights and Sixes.

The returning penitent.

1 WHEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace ;
 Trembling I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.

2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree :
 Who would believe such lips could praise,
 Or think from dark and winding ways,
 I e'er should turn to thee ?

3 These eyes that once abus'd the light,
 Now lift to thee their wat'ry sight,
 And weep a silent flood ;

These hands are rais'd in ceaseless pray'r,
 Oh, wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood.

4 These ears, that once could entertain
 The midnight oath, the festive strain,
 Around the sinful board ;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And long to hear thy word.

5 Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part,
 Go on, bles'd Lord, to cleanse my heart,
 That drossy thing refine ;
 That grace may nature's pow'r's control,
 And a new creature, body, soul,
 Be all and wholly thine !

HYMN CCVI. Elevens.

And the soul of the people was much disengaged because of the way. Numb. xxi. 4.

1 HOW many and great are the foes which infest
 The way thro' this world to the Canaan of rest ?
 The traveller ever his Lord would obey,
 Yet oft is discourag'd because of the way.

2 Though Satan, the world, and corruptions
 combine,

And try to prevent the poor Pilgrim's steps ;
 They cannot distract, though they often bewray,
 And make him discourag'd because of the way.

3 When good he would do, impetuous
 abound,

His grace arrayed, and temptations frown.
 For many turn back, and would leave the way,
 Which makes him discourag'd because of the way.

Yet why should the Christian, of Canaan
despair,

Perplex'd or a'arm'd with dishonoring fear?
Let him but his map and his leader obey,
Nor more be discourag'd because of the way.

5 In Christ inexhaustible treasures are stor'd,
And Jesu will suitable blessings afford;
Then why should the Pilgrim be fill'd with
dismay?

Or why be discourag'd because of the way?

6 Unquenchable love and omnipotent pow'r,
Will land him ere long on the heav'nly shore;
There pleasure eternal will amply repay,
For all the discouragements found in the way.

HYMN CCVII. — Elevens.

Exceeding great and precious promises. 2 Pet. i. 4.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, Oh, be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,

Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 ‘ When thro’ fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 ‘ My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 ‘ The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 ‘ Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 ‘ E’n down to oldage, all my people shall prove
 ‘ My sov’reign eternal, unchangeable love ;
 ‘ And then, when grey hairs shall their temples
 ‘ adorn,
 ‘ Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 ‘ The soul that on Jesus hath lean’d for repose,
 ‘ I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 ‘ That soul, tho’ all hell should endeavor to shake,
 ‘ I’ll never—no never—no never forsake.’

HYMN CCVIII. C. M.

The request.

1 FATHER, whate’er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sov’reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

2 “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 “ From ev’ry murmur free :
 “ The blessings of thy grace impart,
 “ And make me live to thee.

3 “ Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
 “ My life and death attend ;
 “ Thy presence through my journey shine,
 “ And crown my journey’s end.”

HYMN CCIX. C. M.

Watchfulness and prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
 What snares beset my way !
 To heav’n; Oh, let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
Nor cease to be my guide.

6 Oh, keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN CCX. L. M.

Prayer answered by crosses.

1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow,
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;

And by his love's restraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry pow'rs of hell,
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand, he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my grounds, and laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this,' I trembling cry'd,
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?
'Tis in this way,' the Lord reply'd,
'I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 'These inward trials I employ,
'From self, and pride, to set thee free ;
'And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
'That thou mayst seek thy all in me.'

HYMN CCXI. C. M.

Secret prayer. Matt. vi. 6.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkest night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame ;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Fill my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bleſſ; ;
 So ſhalt thou deign in worlds above,
 Thy ſuppliant to confeſſ.

HYMN CCXII. L. M.

Family prayer. Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bleſſ,
 Which crowns our families with peace,
 From thee they ſpring, and, by thy hand,
 They were and ſtill ſhall be ſustain'd.

2 To God, moft worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd;
 Who, Lord of heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell
 With saints, in their obscureſt cell.

3 To thee may each united house,
 Morning and night, preſent its vows;
 Our ſervants there, and riſing race,
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 Oh, may each future age proclaim
 The honors of thy glorious name;
 While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

HYMN CCXIII. L. M.

The Christian's nobleſt reſolution. Jof. xxiv. 15.

1 O wretched ſouls, who ſtrive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to ſin!
 A nobler toil may I ſustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I reſolve with all my heart,
 With all my pow'rs to ſerve the Lord,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

3 Oh, be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the bles'd employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring leave his sacred ways ;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN CCCXIV. Lights.

Prayer for assurance.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Bear witness that I'm born again ;
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Nor let a doubt or cloud remain ;
Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
Sweet fore-taste of thy proaching heav'n.

2 Oh, give th' indelible seal,
That certains the kingdom mine :
True holiness I long to feel
The signature of love divine :
Oh, shed it in my heart abroad,
Flames of love, of heav'n, of God !

HYMN CCCXV. L. M.

Sufficiency of divine grace. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 OPPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
I fightings with it, an I fear within ;
While earth an I hell, with force combatin',
Disturb'd an I trouble d my mind :

2 Thus sorely prest, I sought the Lord,
To give me some sweet cheering word ;
Again I sought, and yet again,
I waited long, but not in vain.

3 Oh ! 'twas a cheering word indeed !
Exactly suited to my need ;
“ Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness my great pow'r displays.”

4 Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before ;
Though weak, I'm strong ; tho' troubled, blest ;
For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

HYMN CCXVI. C. M.

Contentment. Philip. iv. 11.

1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reason and by rule,
We try to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heav'nly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 'Tis he appoints my daily lot,
And will do all things well ;
Soon shall I leave this wretched spot,
And rise with him to dwell.

5 In life his grace shall strength supply,
Proportion'd to my day ;

In death I still shall find him nigh,
To bear my soul away.

6 Thus I, who once my wretched days,
In vain repining spent ;
Taught in my Saviour's school of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

HYMN CCXVII. L. M.

*Contentment and patience from the example of
Christ. Heb. xii. 2.*

1 BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain ;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduc'd to one ;
I keep my Lord by faith in view,
Which strength supplies and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife ;
And from this pattern courage take,
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am freed ;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own ;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

HYMN CCXVIII. C. M.

Benefit of afflictions. Heb. xii. 5—11.

- 1 BREAK thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and shine,
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine,
These gracious words apply.
- 2 “ Let not my children flight the stroke,
I for chastisement send ;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For I am still their friend.
- 3 “ The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile, and not reprove ;
But all the children I receive,
I scourge because I love.
- 4 “ I see your hearts at present fill'd,
With grief and deep distress ;
But soon these bitter seeds shall yield
The fruits of righteousness.”

HYMN CCXIX. L. M.

Perseverance rewarded. Rev. iii. 7—13.

- 1 THUS faith the holy One, and true,
To each of his beloved few ;
“ Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To shut, or open, as I please.
- 2 “ I know thy works, and I approve,
Though small thy strength, sincere thy love ;
Go on, my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.
- 3 “ Before thee see my mercy's door
Stands open wide to shut no more ;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy strength and stay.

4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast,
The trying hour will soon be past ;
Rejoice, for lo ! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heav'nly home.

5 "A pillar there no more to move,
Inscrib'd with all my names of love ;
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou shalt forever have a place."

6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord !
Let him that hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith.

HYMN CCXX. S. M.

Persevering grace. Jude. ver. 24, 25.

1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and pow'r belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And one eternal song.

HYMN CCXXI. L. M.

The old and new creation.

1 THAT was a wonder-working word,
Which could the vast creation raise !
Angels, attendant on their Lord,
Admir'd the plan, and sang his praise.

2 From what a dark and shapeless mass,
All nature sprang at his command !
“ Let there be light, and light there was,”
And sun, and stars, and sea, and land.

3 Thus the new forming of the soul,
Does all the pow'r of God display,
As when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.

4 Though self-destroy'd, O Lord, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do ;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

HYMN CCXXII. L. M.

The happy change.

1 IN sin by blinded passions led,
In search of fancy's good we range ;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.

2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love ;
Our wand'ring, weary, restless hearts,
Are then renew'd no more to rove.

3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will,
This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
 Our noblest blis and proper end ;
 And gladly evry idol leave,
 To love and serve our Lord and friend.

HYMN CCXXIII. C. M.

The Lord's call to his elect. 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

1 LET us adore the grace that seeks
 To draw our hearts above !
 Attend, 'tis God the Saviour speaks,
 And every word is love.

2 So holy, just and pure his throne,
 Each angel veils his face,
 A people still he calls his own,
 Amongst our sinful race.

3 Careless, awhile, they live in sin,
 Entray'd to Satan's pow'r ;
 But they obey the call divine,
 In his appointed hour.

4 " Come forth, he says, no more pursue,
 The path that leads to death ;
 Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
 Look, and be sav'd by faith.

5 " My sons and daughters you shall be,
 Through the atoning blood ;
 And you shall claim, and find in me,
 A Father and a God.

6 Lord, speak these words to ev'ry heart,
 By thine all-yo' v'ful voice ;
 That we may now from sin depart,
 And make thy love our choice.

7 If now we learn to seek thy face,
By Christ the living way ;
We'll praise thee for this hour of grace,
Through an eternal day.

HYMN CCXXIV. C. M.

Waiting at wisdom's gate. Prov. viii. 34, 35.

1 MY heart has been too long ensnar'd,
In folly's hurtful ways ;

Oh, may I be at length prepar'd,
To hear what wisdom says !

2 'Tis Jesus from the mercy-seat,
Invites me to his rest ;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
Approach, without delay ;
No one who watches there and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me seek in vain,
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favor from the Lord.

5 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone ;
Oh, let thy Spirit's seal of faith,
Secure me for thine own.

HYMN CCXXV. L. M.

The majesty and perfections of God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majestic ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
 His justice guards his holy law,
 His love reveals a smiling face,
 His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
 His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
 The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
 To be my Father and my Friend ?
 Then let my songs with angels join ;
 Heav'n is secur'd if God be mine.

HYMN CCXXVI. C. M..

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And Satan holds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word,
 Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief :
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,
 Oh, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly :
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue :

Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his apostate crew.

6 A guilty, weak and helpless worna,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

HYMN CCXXVII. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains ;
Jesus has freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.

[5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries ;
We, that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]

[6 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.]

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
 Our souls are all on flame ;
 Hosanna round the spacious earth.
 To thine adored name !

8 Angels assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CCXXVIII. C. M.

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

1 HOSANNAS to the Prince of light,
 That cloth'd himself in clay ;
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away !

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Emmanuel rose ;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoil'd our cruel foes.

3 See, how the Conq'ror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honor in his flesh,
 And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down ;
 Our blest Redeemer fills a seat
 On the celestial throne.

[5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest abode,
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.]

HYMN CCXXIX. L. M.

Remembering all the way the Lord has led me.

Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my God has led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known ;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snare my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?

6 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove :
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN CCXXX. L. M.

The justice and goodness of God.

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing ;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just :

2 Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threat'nings and thy promises,
The joys of heav'n, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel :

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd :

4 While these excite my fear and joy ;
While these my tuneful lips employ ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

HYMN CCXXXI. Eights and Sevens.

Christ the best of Friends.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But this Saviour dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
It was boundless love to bleed ;
Jesus is a friend indeed.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above :
When to heav'n our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN CXXXII. L. M.

Invitation to free salvation. Isai. lv. i.

1 HO ! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wand'lers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

3 See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, thirsting souls.

4 Ye nothing in exchange can give ;
Leave all you have, and are behind :
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMN CCXXXIII. L. M.

Man by nature, Grace and Glory.

1 LORD, what is man ? Extremes how wide
In his mysterious nature join !
The flesh, to worms and dust ally'd,
The soul, immortal and divine.

2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
Kindled by the Almighty's breath ;
Till stain'd by sin, it soon became,
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

3 But Jesus, O amazing grace !
Assum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Near to which throne, and high in song,
Men shall their hallelujahs raise ;
While wond'ring angels join the throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

HYMN CCXXXIV. S. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name !
Let his high praise employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart enflame !

2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endur'd :
That sinners of the blackest die
From wrath might be secur'd.

3 Stretch'd on the cross he dy'd,
Our debt of sin to pay,
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and filth away.

4 Pleading for us he stands
Before the father's throne :
And answers all the Law's demands,
With what himself hath done.

5 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move ;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

6 Assur'd that Christ our King,
Will put our foes to flight ;
We, on the field of battle, sing,
And triumph, while we fight.

HYMN CCXXXV. L. M.

The new Convert humbled.

1 THE new-born child of gospel-grace,
Like some fair tree, when summer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high,

2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
And comforts sink from day to day :
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
The Lord soon made his numbers less ;
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,
" My arm procur'd me this success."

5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That, fav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praise we owe.

HYMN CCXXXVI. C. M.

True and false comforts.

1 O GOD, whose favorable eye
The sin-sick soul revives ;
Holy and heav'ly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives.

2 This hypocrites have ne'er believ'd,
They judge with graceless hearts ;
Swell'd with their pride, they are deceiv'd,
By Satan's wily arts.

3 Unholy, selfish joys are theirs,
And while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
They're plunging into night.

4 Lull'd in a soft and formal sleep,
They sin and yet rejoice,
Were they indeed the Saviour's sheep,
They sure would hear his voice.

5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The soul from Satan's pow'r ;
That make me blush for what I am,
And hate my sin the more.

6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie ;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

HYMN CCXXXVII. C. M.

True and false zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
The false is headstrong, firce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace :
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd ;
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it ought beside.

5 But self however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
“ Come see what I can do.”

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove :
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

HYMN CCXXXVIII. L. M.

A living and a dead faith.

1 THE Lord receives his highest praise,
From humble minds and hearts sincere ;
While all the loud professor says,
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark his precepts' holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Shew who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Not words alone it cost the Lord,
To purchase pardon for his own :
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Rest in mere forms and words alone.

4 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If watry floods and fluent speech
Might serve, instead of faith and love.

5 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see ;
Who talk of rich and sov'reign grace,
Unless from sin they are made free.

HYMN CCXXXIX. S. M.

Are there few that shall be saved? Luke xiii. 23.

1 DESTRUCTION's dangerous road
What multitudes pursue !
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers find the way
Thro' Christ the living gate ;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be deny'd,
And sin no more careſs'd,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4 Encompaſſ'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend ;
They say so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But hear the Saviour's word,
" Strive for the heav'nly gate,
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see ;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN CCXL. L. M.

The power of the Gospel proves its divinity.

1 LET anxious doubts be hear'd no more,
But Christ and joy be all our theme ;
The Spirit seals his gospel sure
To ev'ry soul that trusts his name.

2 Jesuſ, thy witness speaks within,
The mercy, which thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from ſenſe and ſin,
And stamps its own celeſtial ſeal.

"Tis God's renewing, gracious hand
That moulds and forges the heart anew ;

Transgressors can no more withstand,
But bow and own his doctrine true.

4 The guilty wretch, that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;
The soul, that was averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

5 Let proud opposers cease their strife,
And own, O Lord, the work is thine ;
The voice that calls the dead to life,
Must be almighty and divine.

HYMN CCXLI. C. M.

The hidden life of a Christian.

1 O Happy soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovling here !
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret strings,
While grace and joy combine,
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees :
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleas'd to live alone,
Till Christ his life appear.

6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hills,
To meet that glorious day:
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot-wheels,
How long is thy delay!

HYMN C C X L I I I . S. M.

Forms vain without religion.

- 1 ALMIGHTY maker God!
How wond'rous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame.
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' expres
Thing undismbled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my king,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until tis form'd again.
- 5 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN C C X L I I I . S. M.

He beheld the city and wept over it. Luke xix. 41.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

4 Joy beams in ev'ry eye,
And fills each holy heart;
All join to sound the triumph high,
In praise to bear their part.

HYMN CCXLIV. L. M.

Ezekiel's *Vision of the dry bones*, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mould ring corpses live?
And can these perish'd bones revive?
That mighty God, to thee is known;
That wond'rous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the Heav'ns and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN CCXLV. L. M.

Thy kingdom come. Matth. vi. 10.

1 ASCEND thy throne, almighty king,
And spread thy glories all abroad ;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known, the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
Let saints and angels praise thy name.
Be thou thro' heav'n and earth ador'd.

HYMN CCXLVI. L. M.

Acceptance through Christ alone. John xiv. 6.

1 HOW shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar ?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with the eternal mind ?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries,
Not the most costly sacrifice,
Not infant blood profusely spilt,
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 The blood of Jesus Christ alone,
Hath sov'reign virtue to atone ;

Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

4 'Tis through his merit we'll arise,
And learn to sing above the skies ;
We'll join the triumph round the throne,
And praise th' eternal Three in One.

HYMN CCXLVII. L. M. In three parts.

The Prodigal Son.

PART I.

The sinner departing from God.

1 SEE the rash youth, defil'd with sin.
Hear how he claims with haughty voice,
To have his portion, and begin
In vice and madness to rejoice.

2 His father gave with bounteous hands,
Richly were all his wants supply'd ;
Thankless he took ; in foreign lands
Waisted in pleasure, pomp and pride.

3 In lust and wine he spent the whole,
Forgot his Father and his home ;
Nor thought nor felt he had a soul
Expos'd to meet the wrath to come.

4 The giddy crowd that round him throng,
In every sinful folly join ;
Approve the mirth and chant the song,
That casts contempt on things divine.

5 Thus lur'd by charms of flatt'ring vice,
The rebel sees his substance fled ;
His friends forsake, his wants arise,
For sin has struck his comforts dead.

PART II.

The sinner under conviction.

6 With dying want the sinner cries,
Nor thinks rebellion makes his pain ;
To strangers, far from home, applies,
Nor seeks his Father's grace to gain.

7 See the poor wretch with hunger prest,
Sunk low with swine to have a share ;
Alas ! how far from peaceful rest,
Tortur'd by conscience, guilt and fear.

8 'Tis thus the God of sov'reign grace
Begins to bring a rebel home ;
The spirit shews his wretched case,
And points a judgment still to come.

9 Now self-condemn'd to works he flies,
And thinks to cleanse a guilty mind,
Still far from penitence, which cries
To God for help, and feels resign'd.

10 Blinded by sin, to duty lost,
He grasps the husks and hates the bread ;
Till all his expectation's crost,
His hopes from self and means are fled.

PART III.

The sinner brought to true repentance.

11 Now see the Rebel raise his eyes,
From dreaming folly just awake ;
His soul relents with strange surprise,
And all his heart begins to break.

12 I starve he cries, nor can I bear
This death I feel in sinful lands,
While servants of my Father share
The liberal bounty of his hands.

13 With deep repentance on my tongue,
I'll go and seek my Father's face,
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll only ask a servant's place.

14 I'll tell him how I've griev'd his love,
And basely fled his holy sight,
How I've provok'd all heav'n above,
Nor thought or done a thing that's right.

15 Far off his Father saw him come,
And o'er him all his bowels yearn'd;
He rose to bless and greet his son,
And crown with grace his safe return.

16 The Rebel's heart with sorrow fill'd,
Bled for the crimes, which he had done:
Through all the Courts the triumph smil'd,
And fang the Father's grace alone.

HYMN CCXLVIII. C. M.

Vanity of the world. Psalm iv. 6.

1 IN vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
“ Who will supply our vast desires,
“ Or shew us any good ? ”

2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth,
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honor, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit ;
Or if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.

4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right :

Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.

5 Oh, let the glories of thy face,
Upon my bosom shine :
Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

HYMN CCXLIX. —C. M.

The whole world no compensation for the loss of one soul. Mark viii. 36.

- 1 LORD, shall we part with gold for dross,
With solid good for show ?
Outlive our bliss and mourn our loss,
In everlasting woe ?
- 2 Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy :
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heav'n away.
- 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy ;
And rate our precious souls too dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

HYMN CCL. L.M.

The farewell.

- 1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark mine eyes, and deaf my ears.
- 2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize ;
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

3 All earthly joys are over weigh'd
 With mountains of vexatious care :
 And where's the sweet that is not laid,
 A bait to some destructive snare ?

4 Come, heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
 My soul pursues the sov'reign good :
 She was all made of heav'nly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

HYMN CCLI. C. M.

The future increase of the Church promised. Ps. ii. 8.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run ?

2 " Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands,
 " For thine inheritance,
 " And to the world's remotest ends
 " Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own ;
 While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne ?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
 Under th' expanse of heav'n,
 To the dominion of thy Son,
 Without exemption giv'n ?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name ador'd !
 Let earth, with all its millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord !

HYMN CCLII. L. M.

Prayer for the Millennium.

1 HOW many years has man been driv'n
Far off from happiness and heav'n ?
When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wand'ring church, to roam no more ?

2 Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast :
And ever since his fallen race,
From age to age are void of grace.

3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd lamb ?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee !

4 Hasten it, Lord, in every land,
Send thou thine angels and command ;
“ Go sound deliv'rance, loudly blow
“ Salvation to the saints below ?

5 We long to have the day appear !
The promis'd great sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

6 'Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request ;
And this our daily pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

HYMN CCLIII. Eights.

Christians praying for Jews.

1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed ;
Justly they claim the softest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead :
Who mercy through their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide,
 Through ev'ry nation under Heav'n,
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
 Unfav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n :
 Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
 Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
 Forever cast thine own away ?
 Wilt thou not bid the murd'rors look
 On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray ?
 Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past :
 " All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'ree, come :
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
 Receive thine ancient people home,
 That quicken'd by thy dying love,
 The world may their reception view,
 And shout to God, the glory due.

HYMN CCLIV. L. M.

A prayer for the opposers of experimental religion.

1 BLEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn
 Of those who hate and mock our praise,
 Pity their state, and make them turn,
 No more to walk in sinful ways.

2 Anxious we see their wretched state,
 Who never think of heav'n or hell ;
 They laugh and sport and court the gate,
 Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

3 If pray'r and faith did e'er prevail,
 Now help us, Lord, to raise our hands ;
 Prepare our hearts tly grace to hail,
 Then break their soul-destroying bands.

4 Lead them to view a sinful heart,
A soul all enmity to thee,
Destroy'd, defil'd in every part.
Too proud to bow, too blind to see.

5. Lead them to view a holy law,
Which justly dooms to endless death,
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,
And pray'd, forgive, with dying breath.

6 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,
To hear condemning justice found ;
Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears
Will witness grief to all around.

7 Once we were blind, like them we strove,
Till sovereign mercy chang'd our ways;
Lord, bow their wills, and make them love,
Then they will join our songs of praise.

HYMN CCLV. L. M.

A Prayer for success to Missions.

1 GREAT God of glory, show thy face,
And crown our efforts with thy grace ;
In heathen lands thy gospel blest,
And here secure its large increase.

2 Let Jews and Gentiles, bond and free,
Embrace salvation, Lord, by thee ;
While those who now in darkness dwell,
Deliv'rance sing from guilt and hell.

3 Millions there are on heathen ground,
Who never heard the gospel's sound ;
Oh, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

4 Oh, look on those, who stand to tell
Sinners the way that leads from hell ;

Guide thou their lips; their hearts unite;
Teach them to act as in thy sight.

5 To those who give do thou impart
A gen'rous, wise, and tender heart;
Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share.

6 Let many stand around thy throne,
From diff'rent climes, let many own,
The banner of the cross unfurl'd
Has sav'd from hell a ruin'd world.

HYMN CCLVI. Eights and Sevens.

Declension lamented:

1 ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green:
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!

4 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

5 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in their bud!

6 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

HYMN CCLVII. L. M.

Hoping for a Revival.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline,
 Methought I heard the Saviour say,
 " Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine."

2 " Though for a time I hid my face,
 Rely upon my love and pow'r ;
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour."

3 " Take down thy long-neglected harp,
 I've seen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r ;
 The winter season has been sharp,
 But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord, I obey, my hopes revive,
 Come join with me, ye saints, and sing ;
 Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN CCLVIII. C. M.

A Hymn for Christian Conference.

1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art !
 Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
 To warm each waiting heart.

2 Shew us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise ;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind below ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow !

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs ;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Induce dead sinners all around,
To come and fill the place !

HYMN CCLIX. L. M.

A welcome to Christian friends.

1 BRETIREN, belov'd for Jesu's sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give !

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suffering and his dying love,

The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN CCLX. C. M.

The benefit of Gospel privileges.

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face ;
Gave us to hear the gospel found,
And taste the gospel grace.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And breaks the gloom of night.

4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still, to find thee near,
And own us, still, for thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love :
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

HYMN CCLXI. L. M.

Rising to God.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time :
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large :
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

HYMN CCLXII. C. M.

Youth and Judgment.

1 LO ! the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires :
But let the sinners know
The strict accounts that God requires,
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frightened earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test !
I give all mortal joys away,
To be forever blest.

HYMN CCLXIII. C. M.

The encouragement young persons have to seek and love Christ. Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 " The soul, that longs to see my face,
" Is sure my love to gain ;
" And those, that early seek my grace,
" Shall never seek in vain "

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find,

HYMN CCLXIV. C. M.

Youth the most accepted time.

- 1 SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours :
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts ;
But youth of life's the prime ;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.
- 3 To-day attend, is wisdom's voice,
To-morrow, folly cries.
And still to-morrow 'tis, when, Oho !
To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When conscience speaks, its voice regards
And seize the tender hour ;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the power.

HYMN CCLXV. L. M.

A lively youth falling short of heaven. Mark x. 21

- 1 MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, can Heaven condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love ?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due ;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
Who thought he wanted nothing new ?
- 3 But mark the change : thus spake the Lord,
" Come part with earth for heav'n to-day."
The youth, astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.

4 Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure,
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure !

5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here !
Ah fatal love of tempting gold !
Must this base world be bought so dear ?
And life and heav'n so cheaply sold !

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me ;
Transform my soul, O love divine !
And make me part with all for thee !

HYMN CCLXVI. S. M.

Prayer of Youth for Divine cleansing.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
Oh, make me learn whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Make an ungarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by pow'r divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh, let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd ;

Oh, let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

6 May thy young servant learn,
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

HYMN CCLXVII. C. M.

Old Age approaching, or, man frail and mortal

1 ETERNAL God! enthron'd on high!

Whom angel-hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

2 Oh, guide me down the sleep of age;

And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,

What's human must decay;
My friends, my young companions gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Can I exemption plead, when death

Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

5 Ah! no—then smooth the mortal hour,

On thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!

(While angels join the lay)
Admitted to the bles'd abode,
Its endless anthems pay.

7 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
 Thy matchless love proclaim,
 And join the choir of saints that sound,
 Their great Redeemer's name.

HYMN CCLXVIII. L. M.

The aged Christian rejoicing in a view of Heaven

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
 The height of some o'er-looking hill,
 His heart revives, when cross the plains,
 He eyes his home, tho' distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
 He slighteth the space that lies between ;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the aged Christian views
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength reneweth,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past ;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus, in the realms of day ;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee my hope depends,
 To lead me on to thine abode :
 Assur'd that heav'n will make amends,
 For all my toil while on the road.

HYMN CCLIX. L. M.

Desiring Heaven.

1 NO more I ask or hope to find,
Delight or happiness below ;
Sorrow may well possess the mind,
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

2 The joy that fades is not for me,
I seek immortal joys above ;
There, glory without end shall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

3 Cleave to the world, ye fond world !
Contented liek your native dust ;
But God shall fight, with all his storm,
Against the idol of your trust.

HYMN CCLXX. Eights and Sixts

Praise for redeeming Love.

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name !
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd i mount Sinai's flame.

2 Let us love the Lord, who bought us,
Put us when enemies ;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes.

3 Let us sing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down !
For the Lord, our living salvation,
Holds in view the conquerors crown.

4 Let us wonder, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's fire ;
When we trust it, Canst our fo. tress,
Justice smiles, and asks no more.

5 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints, entron'd on high ;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky.

6 Hark ! the name of Jesus, sounded
Loud, from golden harps above !
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love !

HYMN CCLXXI. C. M.

Presumption and despair.

1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath ;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with flavid fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades “ how easy ’tis
“ To walk the road of heav’n ; ”
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
“ They cannot be forgiv’n.”

4 He bids young sinners, “ yet forbear
“ To think of God or death ;
“ For pray’r and true devotion are
“ But melancholy breath.”

5 He tells the aged, “ they must die,
“ And ’tis too late to pray :
“ In vain for mercy now they cry,
“ For they have lost their day.”

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,

And drags the sons of Adam down,
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CCLXXII. S. M.

Complaint of sin.

1 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!

How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin!

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?

Swarming alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And raise my soul on high,

My thoughts are hurry'd fast away,
For sin is ever nigh.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,

I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;

Without desire, or love, or fear,
Harden'd I still remain.

6 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?

Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

7 That blood which thou hast spilt,
 That grace which is thine own ;
 Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
 And soften hearts of stone.

8 Low at thy feet I bow,
 Oh, pity and forgive !
 Here will I lie and wait till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

HYMN CCLXXIII. S. M.

Light shining in darkness.

1 MY former hopes are dead,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel, alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom ;
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 " Flee from the wrath to come ; "

4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

5 Fore-runner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

HYMN CCLXXIV. Tens.

The humble sinner trusting in Christ.

1 CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy seat,
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers
pray'r;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I dare not venture nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd foul, to thee,
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmov'd I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge, with "Jesus dy'd."

5 Yes! thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan
and die!
Well hast thou known what fierce temptation
means,
Such was thy love! and now enthron'd on high,
The same compassion in thy bosom reigns.

6 Lord give me faith—he hears! what grace
is this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:
He shows me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

HYMN CCLXXV.. L. M.

Divine grace implored.

1 THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top, in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace,
Invites us now to seek his face.

2 Hark ! how from Calvary it sounds ;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds ;
“ Pardon and grace I freely give,
Poor sinner, look to me and live.”

3 What other arguments can move
The heart that flights a Saviour's love !
Yet till Almighty pow'r constrain,
This matchless love is preach'd in vain.

4 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt !
Deeply impress upon our youth
The light and force of gospel træth.

5 How will they else thy presence bear,
When as a Judge thou shall appear ;
When flighted love to wrath shall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn !

HYMN CCLXXVI. Eights and Sixes.

The Lord's prayer imitated.

1 FATHER Supreme ! all nature's God,
Display thy majesty abroad,
And in full glory shine :
To thy great name be honors paid,
Throughout all worlds which thou hast made :
Let earth the chorus join.

2 Here place thy throne, and at thy feet
Make all thy stubborn foes submit,
And own thy sov'reign sway :

Thine influence far and wide extend,
Till haughty rebels lowly bend,
And cheerfully obey.

3 Oh, let thy perfect will be done,
Not by those heav'nly hosts alone
Who're wing'd with love and zeal ;
We too with love and zeal would rise,
To catch the ardor of the skies,
And fly to do thy will.

4 O thou who art both wise and good,
We trust thee for our daily food,
And what thou feest is best ;
Our foolish wishes, Lord, deny,
But kindly nature's wants supply ;
To thee we leave the rest.

5 Teach us the needy to relieve,
Our foes to pity and forgive,
And conquer them with love ;
As we to others mercy show,
Thy mercy, Lord, on us bestow,
And all our guilt remove.

6 Let thy good spirit guard our hearts,
Against the tempter's guileful arts,
And ev'ry dang'rous snare ;
Or if we once should go astray,
Teach us again to find the way,
And walk with better care.

7 Thy name with reverence we adore,
For thine's the glory, thine the pow'r,
And thine the right to reign ;
In thy dominion we rejoice,
To thy commands our heart and voice
Unite and say — Amen.

HYMN CCLXXVII. L. M.

The Lord his people's shepherd. Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

2 My noon day steps he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend ;
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant.

3 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade,
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray.

6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. L. M.

On being admitted a member of a church.

1 GREAT source of Being, heav'nly King !
Whose eye my inmost thought surveys,
To thee, with grateful joy, I bring
My tribute of unequal praise.

2 United to thy chosen flock,
 Within thy courts my soul would dwell,
 And in thy strength sustain the shock,
 Of all the pow'rs in earth or hell.

3 Oh, send thy spirit from on high,
 And let our Church thy blessing prove !
 So shall our praises reach the sky,
 And ev'ry bosom glow with love.

4 Oh, may our Pastor draw from thee
 Daily supplies of heav'nly grace !
 And may we in thy temple see
 Thy glorious presence fill the place !

5 Then shall our hearts, our lives, our tongues,
 Be consecrated to our God ;
 Our morning pray'r's our ev'nning songs,
 Shall spread thy wond'rous love abroad.

HYMN CCLXXIX. L. M.

The convert.

1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
 Once mov'd in error's devious maze,
 Nor found religious duties sweet,
 Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.

2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee
 The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve ;
 And gently drew my soul to thee,
 With cords of sweet eternal love.

3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,
 And low in self-abasement fall ;
 A vile, a helpless worm I lie,
 And thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,
 Than all the joys that earth can give ;

From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,
Beneath thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in smiling friendship dreft,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
Gently reclin'd on Jesu's breast,
My latest breath shall bless his name.

6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,
And soar above yon starry spheres,
Join the full chorus of the skies,
And sing thy praise through endless years.

HYMN CCLXXX. C. M.

Prayer for relief under a body of sin and death.

1 LORD, what a crowd of anxious cares,
Disturb my restless breast !
The world's reproach and Satan's snares,
Leave not a moment's rest.

2 The glorious smiles which once I saw
O'er all thy face, are hid ;
I feel the sentence of thy law,
And all my comfort's fled.

3 Hast thou not said, that where thou art,
There thine shall surely be ?
Oh, seal this promise on my heart,
And say 'twas made for me.

4 Then cares may vex, the world may frown,
They ne'er my peace shall move ;
For what can weigh that spirit down,
That feels a Saviour's love ?

5 Oh, for a taste, by saving faith,
Of his forgiving grace ;
When nature draws its parting breath,
And all its cares shall cease !

HYMN CCLXXXI. C. M.

Celestial prospects.

1 SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies!

2 All hail! ye fair celestial shores!
Ye lands of endless day!
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now,
My clouds of doubt are gone;
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me;
There! there behold the radiant place!
How near the mansions be!

5 Immortal wonders! boundless things!
In those dear worlds appear:
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.

HYMN CCLXXXII. C. M.

A covert from the heat.

1 WHEN on a summer's sultry day,
The Sun darts forth his rays;
The trav'ler labors on his way,
Beneath the mid-day blaze:

2 When not a cooling breeze is felt,
No friendly roof is nigh
The languid body seems to melt,
The fainting spirits die;

3 Should some tall rock at such an hour,
 A distant shade prepare,
 Hope would exert his feeble pow'r,
 To fly and rest him there.

4 Thus he who treads the heav'nly path,
 And feels upon him burn
 The kindlings of Almighty wrath,
 Must labor, droop and mourn.

5 Till Christ, the covert from the heat,
 His longing spirit sees,
 And draws him to a cool retreat,
 Affording rest and ease.

6 He like a rock of refuge rose,
 And sacred shade extends,
 Refreshment and secure repose,
 For all his weary friends.

HYMN CCLXXXIII. Sevens.

Trust in God. Habak. iii. 17, 18.

1 SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit :

2 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall :

3 Should God's alter'd hand restrain
 Th' early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy :

4 Yet to God my soul should raise
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
 And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
 Love him—for himself alone.

HYMN CCLXXXIV. L. M.

The Christian armor. Eph. vi. 13—17.

1 WITH holy zeal and Christian grace,
 I'll take the armor for the race,
 Whilst foes and fears beset me round,
 In Christ the Lord my strength is found.

2 Forever blessed be the Lord,
 His word he gives me for a sword,
 And he commands to wield it well,
 Against the pow'rs of earth and hell.

3 His righteousness a breastplate yields,
 Whilst faith affords a glorious shield,
 His free salvation's sov'reign grace,
 Shall on my head the helmet place.

4 Thus arm'd and martial'd for the field,
 Against temptation doubly steel'd,
 The glorious combat I begin,
 Declaring war with flesh and sin.

5 My heav'nly Captain's watchful care,
 Shall keep me from the fowler's snare ;
 His spirit guide my wand'ring feet,
 Till I his face in glory meet.

HYMN CCLXXXV. C. M. In two parts.
*Christ's birth, life, death, resurrection, ascension,
 and intercession.*

PART I.

Christ's birth and life.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, tune ev'ry string,
 In God thy Saviour's praise,
 Join with the heav'nly hosts and sing,
 The highest notes they raise.
- 2 Tell how the glorious Son of God,
 Forsook the realms of bliss,
 Descended to our guilty world,
 Proclaiming life and peace.
- 3 Angelic hosts declare his birth,
 " Glory to God on high,
 " Good will to men and peace on earth !
 " Behold the Saviour nigh !
- 4 " To Bethl'em's city quick repair,
 Th' ethereal spirits cry,
 " And see the promis'd Saviour there,
 " I cw in a manger lie.
- 5 " With humble faith and holy fear,
 " Go visit Christ your king."
 Their heav'nly notes the shepherds hear,
 And join the praise they sing.
- 6 On Jordan's banks th' eternal God
 His birth divine declares ;
 " This is my son !" Lo ! on his head
 The heav'nly dove appears.
- 7 Holy his life, his doctrines true ;
 (How bright the godhead shone !)
 Diseases heard and Satan knew,
 That what he spake was done.

PART II.

Christ's death, resurrection, ascension and intercession.

8 BEHOLD the Saviour on the tree,
With arms extended wide !

From death a sinful world to free,
He groan'd, and bled and dy'd !

9 The sun its beams no longer lent,
To see its Maker bleed ;
His groans the rocks and mountains rent,
And woke the sleeping dead.

10 But when th' appointed hour was come,
The sleeping Saviour woke ;
He rose triumphing from the tomb,
The chains of death he broke.

11 On the eternal God's right hand,
The great Redeemer sits ;
Both heav'n and earth to his command
The Father now commits.

12 Our advocate himself he stiles,
The sinner's cause he pleads,
Through him the Father looks and smiles,
While thus he intercedes.

13 Whom once he loves he'll ne'er forget,
His counsels guide them still ;
His grace their weary souls will seat
On heav'n's eternal hill.

14 Reviving thought ! then, humble soul,
With courage venture on !
Though earth and hell against thee roll,
In Christ the battle's won.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. C. M.

Prayer under temptations of Satan.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And Satan's darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at all his rage
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let all the tempter's malice come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
If I may safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all :
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest,
Nor feel a troubling tempter's call
Disturb my peaceful breast.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. L. M.

Prayer under temptation from the tumults of the world.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, a Saviour's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm ;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, " peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Are all that save me from despair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name,
 Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

5 God of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. C. M.

Perplexity relieved.

1 ANXIOUS, I strove to find the way
 Which to salvation led ;
 I listen'd long, I try'd to pray,
 And heard what many said.

2 When some of joys and comforts told,
 I fear'd that I was wrong :
 For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
 Had neither joys nor song.

3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
 And made my burden light ;
 Then for a moment I believ'd,
 And thought that all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
 Of anguish and dismay ;
 Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,
 Before they found the way.

5 Ah ! then I thought my hopes were vain,
 For I had liv'd at ease ;
 I wish'd for all my fears again,
 To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
 The evil of my heart ;
 And left my naked soul expos'd
 To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas ! I cry'd in deep despair,
Born down with fearful pain !
How can I these fierce terrors bear,
And who will now sustain !

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
“ Trust simply on my word,” he said,
“ And leave the rest to me.”

HYMN CCLXXXIX. Sevens.

The sovereign call of Christ.

1 IN his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour spoke ;
Touch'd me by his spirit's pow'r,
And my dang'rous slumber broke.

2 Then I saw and own'd my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord reply'd ;
“ Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
‘Twas for such as thee I dy'd.”

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once posses'd my heart ;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part ?

4 “ Thou hast greatly sinn'd, he said,
But I freely all forgive ;
I myself thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live.”

HYMN CCXC. C. M.

Old things are passed away.

1 LET carnal minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesu\$ is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart ;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will ;
For if thou hadst not lov'd we first,
I had refus'd thee still.

HYMN CCXCI. L. M.

Hatred of sin.

1 MOST holy Lord ! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within ,
Hope bids me still with patience wait ;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell ;

One sin, unslain within my breast,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 But there no foe invades the blis,
When glory crowns the Christian's head ;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin forever dead.

HYMN CCXCII. — L. M.

Prayer for grace. Psa. cvi. 4, 5.

1 REMEMBER us, we pray thee, Lord,
With those who love thy gracious name ;
And to our souls that good afford,
Thy promise has prepar'd for them.

2 To us thy great salvation show,
Give us a taste of love divine ;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

HYMN CCXCIII. Sevens.

Coming to the throne of grace.

1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water by that well supply'd,
Jesus open'd when he dy'd.

3 Lord, there are no streams but thine,
Can assuage a thirst like mine ;
'Tis a thirst thyself didst give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

HYMN CCXCIV. L. M.

A hymn for the beginning of worship.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word ;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfy'd with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy ;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will ;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

HYMN CCXCV. L. M.

At dismissal.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN CCXCVI. Eights and Sevens.

The same.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
Oh, refresh us !
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n,
Us from earth to call away ;
Borne on angel's wings to heav'n,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day !

HYMN CCXCVII. L. M.

Seeking first the kingdom of God, &c. Matt. vi. 33.

1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and sun decay.

3 Away; each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought;

1 Spring to seize immortal joys,
Which my Redeemer bought.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN CCXCVIII. L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair ;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

5 There from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN CCXCIX. L. M.

The vanity of creatures.

1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires,
Toss'd to and fro, his passions fly,
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind ;
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our soul's with joys refin'd.

HYMN CCC. L. M.

The sovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,
And spoke his joys in words of praise ;
" Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the earth, and heav'ns and seas.

2 " I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success ;
And makes the babes in knowledge learn,
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

3 " But all this glory lies conceal'd
From men of prudence and of wit :
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 " Father 'tis thus, because thy will
 Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;
 'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
 And lay the haughty scorners low.

5 " There's none can know the Father right,
 But those who learn him from the Son :
 Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
 But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
 That deals his graces as he pleases ;
 Nor gives to mortals an account,
 Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN CCCI. L. M.

Prayer for grace.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, and let it be
 Free'd from these bonds, and join't to thee.

2 Wash out its stains refine its dross,
 Nail my affections to the cross !
 Hallow each thought ; let all within
 Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul overflow,
 When sinking deep in waves of woe,
 Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

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5 Oh, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !
Where toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and all is peace.

HYMN CCCII. L. M.

The beatitudes. — Matth. v. 2—12.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty :
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart :
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar,
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness !
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;

They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CCCIII. L. M. In three parts.

Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.

PART I.

1 GO worship at Emmanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

4 Is he a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves ;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields ;
Or, if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine ? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
Oh, let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine !

PART II.

7 Is Christ the head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'r's he gives ;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8 Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross ;
But the true gold sustains no los's :
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !
The Rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.

11 Is he a way ? He leads to God ;
The path is drawn in lines of blood :
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

12 Is he a door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures large and green ;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.

PART III.

13 Is Christ design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 Is he a temple ? I adore
 Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r :
 And still to his most holy place,
 Whene'er I pray, I turn my face,

15 Is he a star ? He breaks the night,
 Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
 I know his glories from afar,
 I know the bright; the morning star.

16 Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,
 His course is joy and righteousness ;
 Nations rejoice, when he appears,
 To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

17 Oh, let me climb these higher skies,
 Where storms and darkness never rise !
 There he displays his pow'r abroad,
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;
 His beauties we can never trace,
 Till we behold him face to face :

HYMN CCCIV. L. M.

The names and titles of Christ, from several scriptures.

1 'TIS from the treasures of his word
 I borrow titles for my Lord ;
 Nor art, nor nature can supply
 Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
 Shining with undiminish'd rays,
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
 The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
 Writes his own name upon his thigh :

He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes !
Light of the world, and life of men ;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part !
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints, in full fruition, prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CCCV. L. M. In two parts.

The offices of Christ from several scriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r,
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Emmanuel's glory forth.

2 But Oh ! what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace !
My eyes with joy and wonder see,
What forms of love he bare to me.

3 The " Angel of the cov'nant stands,"
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet, let me bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful tidings came,
 Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright example, and my Guide,
 I would be walking near thy side ;
 Oh, let me never run astray,
 Nor follow the forbidden way !

6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
 My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep :
 He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
 And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cause,
 Answ'ring his Father's broken laws ;
 Behold my soul at freedom set,
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

PART II.

8 Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd;
 I seek no sacrifice beside ;
 His blood did once for all atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high,
 The Father lays his thunder by ;
 Not all that earth or hell can say,
 Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;
 Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
 A joyful subject at thy feet.

11 Afpire my soul to glorious deeds,
 The Captain of salvation leads ;
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
 Put all their forms of mischief on,
 I shall be safe; for Christ displays
 Salvation in more sov'reign ways,

HYMN CCCVI. Sixes and Fours.

To the Trinity.

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father, all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Antient of days!

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stay'd:
 Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate word,
 Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our pray'r's attend!
 Come and thy people blefs,
 And give thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness
 On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour!
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great one in three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 His sov'reign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

HYMN CCCVII. C. M.

New Year's Hymn.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin,
 May mercy set us free,
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

HYMN CCCVIII. L. M.

Another.

1 O LORD, by thy supporting hand,
We enter on another year;
And now we meet at thy command,
To seek thy gracious presence here.

2 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
Who young in years are old in sin;
And by thy spirit and thy truth,
Shew them the state their souls are in.

3 Then, by a Saviour's dying love,
To ev'ry wounded heart recal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their sun, and strength, and shield.

4 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine,
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

5 Oh, hear our pray'r and give us hope,
That when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and praise thee in our room.

HYMN CCCIX. C. M.

Pleading for and with youth.

1 SIN has undone our wretched race,
But Jesus has restor'd,
All who believe and trust his grace,
And seek and serve the Lord.

2 This we repeat from year to year,
And press upon our youth;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
And save them by thy truth.

3 Come, Lord, and bless the rising race !
 Make this an happy hour,
 According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty pow'r.

4 Dear youth, we know your sinful state ;
 (May God your hearts renew !)
 We would a while ourselves forget,
 To pour out pray'r for you.

5 We see, though you perceive it not,
 Th' approaching, awful doom !
 Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
 And flee the wrath to come !

6 [Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
 Spread an alarm abroad ;
 And cry, in ev'ry careless ear,
 " Prepare to meet thy God !"]

HYMN CCCX. L. M.

Winter, or the divine presence withdrawn.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand,
 Has stripp'd the trees, and seal'd the ground !
 But spring will soon his rage withstand,
 And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns ;
 Barren and fruitless I remain ;
 When will the gentle spring return,
 And bid the graces grow again ?

3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise !
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move ;
 Oh ! hush these storms and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love !

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
 I faint and droop till thou appear ;
 Wilt thou permit thy plant to die ?
 Must it be winter all the year ?

5 Be still, my soul, and wait his hour,
 With humble pray'r and patient faith ;
 Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
 Repose on what his promise faith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word,
 Seasons their changing course maintain'd,
 In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
 That none shall seek his face in vain.

HYMN CCCXI. C. M.

Spring, or the return of the divine presence.

1 AT length the wish'd for spring is come ;
 How alter'd is the scene !

The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
 The earth array'd in green.

2 I see my Saviour from on high,
 Break through the clouds and shine ;
 No creature now more blest than I,
 No song more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hope revive,
 It overcomes my foes :
 It makes my languid graces thrive,
 And blossom like the rose

4 Dear Lord, a monument I stand,
 Of what thy grace can do,
 Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
 Each changing season through.

HYMN CCCXII. C. M.

Summer, or all flesh like grass. Isaiah xl. 6—8.

1 THE grass and flow'rs, which clothe the field,
 And look so green and gay ;
 Toush'd by the scythe, defenceless yield,
 And fall, and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal state !
 Thus in the scripture glafs,
 The young, the strong, the wife, the great,
 May see themselves but grafs.

3 Ah ! trust not to your fleeting breath,
 Nor call your time your own ;
 Around you see the scythe of death
 Is mowing thousands down.

4 And you, who hitherto are spar'd,
 Must shortly yie.d your lives ;
 Your wisdom is to be prepar'd,
 Before the stroke arrives.

5 The grafs, when dead, revives no more ;
 You die to live again ;
 Beware lest death should prove the door
 To everlasting pain.

6 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
 And all our sins remove,
 That when like grass our bodies fall,
 Our souls may rise above.

HYMN CCCXIII. L. M.

Autumn, or the harvest is the end of the world.
 Matthew xiii. 39.

1 SEE how brown auttum spreads the field ;
 Mark how the whit'ning hills are turn'd ;
 Behold them to the reapers yield,
 'The wheat is sav'd, the tares are burn'd.'

2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
 Descends to reap the ripen'd earth ;
 Angelic guards attend him down,
 The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory, hear him speak ;
 " Go search around the flaming world,

Haste, call my saints, to rise and take
The seats from which their foes were hurl'd.

4 “ Go burn the chaff in endles fire,
In flames unquench'd consume each tare ;
Sinners must feel my holy ire,
And sink in guilt to deep despair.”

5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth,
Angels obey the awful voice :
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heav'n approves the sov'reign choice.

HYMN CCCXIV. L. M.

The seasons, or, the year crowned with divine goodness.

Psalm lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
We fail that goodness ever near,
Which richly crowns the circling year.

2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole :
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land :
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, softend by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbath's bless our eyes ;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

7 Oh, may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN CCCXV. C. M.

A morning hymn.

1 TWAS the eternal word that spake,
And said, " Let their be light,"
It was, and at his high command,
Sprang from the womb of night.

2 He bids the day-spring know its place,
And guides the rising sun :
All nature owns her sov'reign Lord,
And what he wills is done,

3 Should he forbid the sun to rise,
And endless darkness reign :
Justice would silence every mouth,
Nor let a thought complain.

4 Thus, had the Sun of Righteousness,
Never arose and shone,
The frowning heav'ns had flash'd with wrath,
For crimes, which we have done.

5 Then had salvation ne'er appear'd,
Nor angels sung of peace ;
The anthem never had begun,
Which now will never cease.

6 But thanks to God, the natural Sun,
Does light and heat convey,
The Sun of Righteousness will shine
An everlasting day.

HYMN CCCXVI. Sevens.

A hymn to be repeated when rising.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone ;
 Now the morning light is come ;
 Lord, may I be thine today,
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
 Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight ;
 In thy service, Lord, today,
 Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound,
 Save me from my foes around ;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
 Oh ! receive me then at last !
 Night of sin, will be no more,
 When I reach the heav'nly shore.

HYMN CCCXVII. C. M.

A morning hymn.

1 WITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
 And stores of darkness lie ;
 Thou form'st the sable veil of night,
 And spread'st it round the sky..

2 And when with welcome slumber press'd,
 We close our weary eyes,
 Thy pow'r unseen, secures our rest,
 And makes us joyful rise.

3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
 Their long eternal doom ;
 And lost the joys of morning light,
 In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail ;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise :
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

HYMN CCCXVIII. L. M.
An evening hymn.

1 BLEST Lord, when darkness veils the skies,
Prevent the slumber of my eyes ;
Till bow'd before the king of kings,
I ask myself the following things.

2 Where have I been, what have I done ?
To what new follies have I run ?
Have I observ'd each rising thought,
And done the things which God hath taught ?

3 Do secret thoughts and actions prove
My love to God who reigns above ?
Do my affections rise on high,
As days and nights successive fly ?

4 Do I rejoice in that wise plan,
Which governs all th' affairs of man ?
Gives life, and health, and joy, and rest,
Or sends affliction when 'tis best ?

5 And when God's holy law I hear,
Does it alarm my heart with fear ?
Or does it sweetly rule within,
And make me hate and fly from sin ?

6 Lord, help me see and try my heart,
And search me through in every part ;
Cleanse me from sin and warm my love,
Thus fit me for the world above.

HYMN CCCXIX. C. M.

An evening hymn.

1 INDULGENT Father ! by whose cares
 I've pass'd another day,
 Let me this night thy mercy share,
 And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to moan
 My guilt before thy face :
 Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
 And save me by thy grace.

3 Speak to my conscience, speak thou peace,
 Through his atoning blood :
 And grant me, Lord, a full release
 From sin's oppressive load.

4 Shew me my wants, and let me crave
 Nothing but what is right ;
 Help me, by faith, on thee to live,
 Then change my faith to fight.

5 Open to me thy gracious ear,
 Great God, my wants supply ;
 Confirm my hope, relieve my fear,
 And bid my murmurings die.

6 Guide me through life's mysterious path,
 Nor let me from thee stray ;
 Preserve my fleeting, mortal breath,
 Through each revolving day.

7 Let each returning night declare
 The tokens of thy love ;
 And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
 My soul for joys above.

8 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
 To sleep in death's embrace,
 Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
 To enjoy thy smiling face.

HYMN CCCXX. S. M.

A hymn to be repeated on going to rest.

- 1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear,
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest ;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears :
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears:
- 4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run :
- 5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,
Lord I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN CCCXI. L. M.

Asking Christ's presence on the Sabbath.

- 1 OH, for a heart to praise and pray,
To spend with Christ this sacred day,
For wings of faith to soar above,
And clasp his feet in arms of love.
- 2 I'd hold him fast, till he should give,
A word of grace and bid me live :
I'd plead his blood for guilt and sin,
Till he should cleanse from every stain,

3 On him, whose glories fill the skies,
I'd gaze and fix my wond'ring eyes,
Copy his beauties on my heart,
Till love transform in ev'ry part.

4 'Tis he can clothe my naked soul,
And by a word can make me whole;
Send peace and patience to the mind,
And give a heart to God resign'd.

HYMN CCCXXII. As the 148th Psal.

A hymn for the Lord's day morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And 'midst their shouts, the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years, to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart :
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

HYMN CCCXXIII. C. M.

A hymn for the evening of the Lord's day.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quick'ning beams ;
 And yet how slow devotion burns !
 How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept my faint attempts to love,
 My frailties, Lord, forgive ;
 I would be like thy saints above,
 And praise thee while I live.
- 3 Assist me while I wander here,
 Amidst a world of cares ;
 Incline my heart to pray with love,
 And then accept my pray'rs.
- 4 Release my soul from every chain,
 No more hell's captive led ;
 And pardon a repenting child,
 For whom the Saviour bled.
- 5 Spare me, my God, Oh, spare the soul,
 That gives itself to thee ;
 Take all that I possess below,
 And give thy face to see.
- 6 Thy spirit, O my Father, give,
 To be my guide and friend,
 To light my ways to ceaseless joys,
 To Sabbaths without end.

HYMN CCCXXIV. L. M.

The eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.

4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat ;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

HYMN CCCXXV. C. M.

The covenant with Abram and all believers the same.—A hymn for baptism

1 WHEN God the Patriarch Abr'am call'd,
And chose him for his own ;
“ Abr'am, he said, behold thy God,
And own thyself my son.

2 “ A gracious cov'nant now I make,
To give thee Canaan's rest ;
From thee shall come a glorious seed,
To make the nations blest.

3 “ This promise is to thee reveal'd,
To raise thy hope and love ;
By faith behold my first born son
Descending from above.

4 "Hear my command, nor dare transgress,
But own my right divine;
'Tis circumcision I ordain,
To mark thy sons as mine.

5 "By this make known and seal thy faith,
Thy children give to God;
And learn the meaning of the rite,
Which points to purer blood."

6 Lord! may we come with Abr'am's faith,
To thee our infants give;
Accept our babes, impart the grace
Which makes young sinners live.

7 Thy cov'nant ever stands the same,
Seal'd by a rite that's new,
Baptiz'd and mark'd, O Lord, as thine,
Now form their hearts anew,

HYMN CCCXXVI. C. M.

Little children presented to Christ in baptism.

1 HOW great our glorious Shepherd's love,
Display'd in all its forms!
He feeds his flock, he guards his lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 "Forbid them not," he says, "to come,
And taste a Saviour's love;
They stand within my kingdom here,
And shall in heav'n above.

3 "In all my promises of good
Made to my church below,
I ne'er forgot, I still include
Their infant offspring too."

4 Let us accept the offer'd grace,
And give our babes to God,
By faith apply the gospel seal,
Which points to Jesu's blood.

5 Encourag'd by his word we come,
With humble hope inspir'd ;
That he will take them in his arms,
And give the grace requir'd.

HYMN CCCXXVII. L. M.

Circumcision and baptism.

1 ONCE did the sons of Abr'am pass,
Under the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove,
His Father's cov'nant and his love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed are sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abr'am praise.

HYMN CCCXXVIII. C. M.

Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief, amazing woe,
Behold my bleeding Lord ;
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore,

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse :

In vain I blame the Roman bands;
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head ;
Break, break my heart, oh, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty grace, my stubborn soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN CCCXXIX. L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.
Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And mourning weep o'er all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ;
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
'I hen am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN CCCXXX. L. M.

Strength from a view of the Cross.

1 WHEN I the blest Redeemer see,
All bleeding on th' accursed tree ;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In ev'ry groan I bear a part ;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
But see ! he bows his head and dies !

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood !
Behold his side, and venture near,
The spring of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
Then I with love thy praise resound.

HYMN CCCXXXI. As 50th Psalm.

God's love to the world in sending Christ for its Redemption. John iii. 16.

1 SING to the Lord a new melodious song :
Assist the Choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
Wide as the world his sov'reign mercy reigns ;
Wide as the world resound the rapt'rous strains.
Ye Angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And sing the Love, that brings to men Salvation,

2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey,
Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay ;
No human aid the danger could avert ;
No Angel's hand could soothe the raging
smart :
In his own breast divine compassion rises,
And the grand scheme the host of Heav'n sur-
prises.

3 God's only Son with heav'nly glories bright,
His Father's fairest image and delight,
Justice and grace the victim have decreed,
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed :
Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before
him.

4 The wond'rous work is done ; the Cov'-
nant stood,
And Christ atones for human guilt with blood ;
Nail'd to the tree he bows his sacred head ;
A mangled corpse he sojourns with the dead ;
Rising, the Gospel sends thro' ev'ry nation ;
Sinners believe, and gain complete Salvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise;
 Oh, let it run thro' everlasting days!
 And thou, blest Saviour, spotless lamb of God,
 Accept the souls dear-ransom'd with thy blood.
 And to those songs, form all our feeble voices,
 In which the choir round thy bright throne
 rejoices.

HYMN CCCXXXII. Eights and Sevens.

The resurrection of Christ.

1 SEE the victorious Jesus come,
 Rising triumphant from the tomb;
 Th' Almighty conq'ror quits the pris'n;
 And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
 Angels, angels, angels, angels,
 Angels tell the Lord is ris'n:

2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad tidings, hear and live;
 God's righteous law is satisfy'd;
 And justice now is on your side.
 Justice, justice, justice, justice,
 Justice now is on your side.

3 Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
 Pleads the rich ransom of his blood,
 No new demand, no bar remains;
 But mercy now triumphant reigns.
 Mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy,
 Mercy now triumphant reigns,

4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
 See Jesus coming from the dead,
 Your resurrection's sure, through his,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.
 Endless, endless, endless, endless,
 Endless life, and boundless, bliss.

HYMN CCCXXXIII. L. M.

The institution of the Lord's supper. Matthew xxvi. 26—29.

1 'TWAS on that night when doom'd to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread:

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:

3 " My broken body thus I give
For you, for all ; take, eat, and live :
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wond'rous love to view."

4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5 " My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.

6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught,
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour."

HYMN CCCXXXIV. L. M.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

1 HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high our great deliverer reigns !
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led devouring death in chains !

6 Say, " live forever, wond'rous King,
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then sing, " O death where is thy sting ?
" And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

HYMN CCCXXXV. C. M.

An invitation to the gospel feast. Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room :

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
There love and pity meet ;

Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN CCCXXXVI. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 O! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Affit me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in th' sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace,

4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n ;
Anticipate our heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

HYMN CCCXXXVII. S. M.

The spirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John, v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To bring us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name ;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came !

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God ;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pur'd down a double flood ;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones ;
On the cold ground his life was spilt
And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy descent,

And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies ;
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Their record bear above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart ;
Great Comforter ! abide within,
And witness to my heart.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII. L. M.

Christ the first and the last, bumbled to death, and exalted to an eternal triumph over it. Revelation i. 17, 18.

1 WHAT myst'ries, Lord, in thee combine !
Jesus, once mortal, yet divine ;
The first, the last ; the end, the head ;
The source of life among the dead !

2 O love, beyond the stretch of thought !
What matchless wonders hath it wrought !
Faith trembles when she sees the load
Borne by the suff'ring son of God.

3 Hail, royal conqu'ror o'er the grave,
Tender to pity, strong to save !

For ever live, for ever reign,
And prosp'rous may thy throne remain!

4 Thy Saints, obedient to thy word,
With humble joy, surround thy board ;
And, long as time pursues its race,
Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.

5. In the full choir, where angels join
Their harps of melody divine,
Thy death inspires a song of praise,
New thro' thy life's eternal days.

HYMN CCCXXXIX. S. M.

Christ's intercession.

1 OUR great Redeemer's gone
To plead before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down ;
If justice calls for sinners blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing,
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And found his glories high,
“ Hosanna to the God of grace,
“ That lays his thunder by.

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
 "And triumphs all above :"
 But Lord, how weak are mortal strains
 To speak immortal love.

HYMM CCCXL. C. M.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sov'reign die ?

Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bath'd in its own blood,
 While all expos'd to wrath divine,
 The glorious Suff'r'r stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker dy'd
 For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of tears can never repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN CCCXLI. L. M.

The goodness of God acknowledged, in giving pastors after his own heart. Jerem. iii. 15.

At the Settlement of a Minister.

1 SHEPHERD of Isr'el, thou dost keep,
With constant care thy humble sheep ;
By thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart ;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.

4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

HYMN CCCXLII. C. M.

Watching for souls in the view of the great account. Heb. xiii. 17.

For the Ordination of a Minister.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands ;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heav'nly bliss forego ;
 For souls, which must forever live,
 In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 Th' account to render there ;
 And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord, how should we appear ?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see :
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

HYMN CCCXLIII. L. M.

On opening a new place for worship.

Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

1 AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode ?
 And will he from his radiant throne
 Avow our temples for his own ?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
 And sing that condescending grace,
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace,
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshipp'res with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise ;
 Long may they echo with thy praise ;
 And Thou descending fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train ;
 While pow'r divine his word attends
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
 When God the nation shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN CCCXLIV. L. M.

A thanksgiving hymn.

1 'I MIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
 To thee let songs of gladness rise,
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
 And ev'ry voice thy goodness sing.

2 'Twas thou that built this spacious earth,
 Thou gav'st to ev'ry creature birth,
 E'en man was fashion'd by thy hand,
 And angels glow'd at thy command.

3 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
 Life, health, and strength thy hands bestow,
 The daily good thy creatures share,
 Springs from thy providential care.

4 The rich profusion nature yields,
 The harvests waving o'er the fields,
 The cheering light, refreshing show'rs,
 Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

5 At thy command the vernal b'loom,
 Revives the world from winter's gloom,

The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours,

6 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Conjugal bliss, paternal joys ;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

7 But how shall frail imperfect man,
Whose being reaches but a span,
Attempt in earth-born strains to prove,
The wonders of Redeeming love !

8 Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song,
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the Majesty divine.

HYMN CCCXLV. L. M.

Thanksgiving for national deliverance, and improvement of it. Luke i. 74, 75.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear,
Propitious to his people's pray'r ;
And tho' deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 Oh, may our tongues thy praise proclaim,
And speak the glories of thy name ;
Lord, help us all thy love to sing,
An i thankful tribute to thee bring.

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name :
And ev'ry peaceful pr'vate home
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honor'd fight :
Still in thy precepts and thy fear
To live's last hour to persevere.

HYMN CCCXLVI. C. M.

For a public fast

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 'Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful pow'r display ;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.

3 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
 Through this apostate land !
 What land so favor'd of the skies,
 Yet thoughtless of thy hand ?

4 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame !
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the christian name !

5 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
 Their pleasures they require ;
 And sink with gay indifference down
 To everlasting fire.

6 Ch. turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace ;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

7 [Then, should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear ;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.]

HYMN CCCXLVII. L. M.

*Of lamenting national sins. Ezek. ix. 4—6.
For a fast-day.*

1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name,
And all our trying guilt we own
In dust and tears before thy throne.

2 So manifold our crimes have been,
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin,
That, could we all its horrors know,
Our streaming eyes with blood might flow.

3 Estrang'd from reverential awe,
We trample on thy sacred law ;
And, tho' such wonders grace hath done,
Anew we crucify his Son. —

4 Justly might this polluted land,
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand ;
And bath'd in heav'n, thy fword might come
To drink our blood, and seal our doom.

5 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear ?
Oh, bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie.

6 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan :
With these we join our humble pray'r ;
Our nation shield, our country spare.

7 [But if the sentence be decreed,
And our dear native land must bleed,
By thy sure mark may we be known,
And save in life or death thy own.]

HYMN CCCXLVIII. C. M.

Sick bed reflections.

1 MY foul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heav'nly shore ;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall sin no more.

2 That then I shall behold the Lamb,
Who once for sin was slain,
But rose triumphing o'er the grave,
And on his throne doth reign.

3 I hope to hear and join the song,
That saints and angels raise,
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

4 But Oh, this dreadful heart of sin !
It may deceive me still,
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

5 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end,
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.

6 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy spirit give :
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

HYMN CCCXLIX. C. M.

For a time of general sickness.

1 DEATH with his dread commission seal'd,
Now hastens to his arms :
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command ;
And pains, and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force, he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r ;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye heirs of endles\$ joy,
Nor let your fears prevail ?
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

5 What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around ;
And heaps of putrid carcases
O'erload the cumber'd ground ;

6 The arrows, that shall wound your flesh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

7 These, with a gentle hand, he throws,
And saints lie gasping too ;
But heav'ly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conqu'rors through.

HYMN CCCL. C. M.

Complaint and hope under great pain.

1 LORD, I am pain'd, but I resign
My body to thy will ;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are the ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan ;

Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease ;
While ev'ry groan my Father hears,
And ev'ry tear he sees.

5 [How shall I glorify my God,
In bonds of grief confin'd ?
Damp'd is my vigor, while this clod
Hangs heavy on my mind.]

6 Is not some smiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings ?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

HYMM CCCLI. C. M.

Praise for recovery from sickness. Ps. cxviii. 18, 19.

1 SOV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chast'ning stroke;
And while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.

2 To thee in my distress I cry'd,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear ;
Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath ;
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 My God, in thine appointed hour
Those heav'nly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bless'd,
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

HYMN CCCLII, C. M.

Longing after unseen pleasure. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades !

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim !
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN CCCLIII. L. M.

The shortness of time, and frailty of man.
Psa. xxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days !
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show !
Vain are the cares which rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh, be a nobler portion mine ;
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

HYMN CCCLIV. C. M.

Death and judgment appointed to all. Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !

3 Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heav'n or hell depends
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see,
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 Oh, may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend,
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN CCCLV. L. M.

The tolling bell.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death ;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go ;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 LORD JESUS ! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee ;
Apply thy blood, thy spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice ;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

HYMN CCCLVI. C. M.

The death of a Believer.

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say, " he's gone ! "
Before the willing spirit takes,
Its mansions near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

HYMN CCCLVII. L. M.

The death of Saints.

1 OUR life how short ! a groan, a sigh,
We live, and then begin to die ;
Death steals upon us while we're green,
Behind us digs a grave unseen.

2 But Oh! how great a mercy this,
That death's a portal into bliss ;
While yet the body's scarce undrest,
The soul ascends to heav'nly rest.

3 My soul ! death swallows up thy fears,
My grave-clothes wipe away all tears ;
Why should we fear this parting pain,
Who die that we may live again ?

4 Oh ! how the resurrection light,
Will clarify believers' sight ;
How joyful will the saints arise
And rub the dust from off their eyes !

5 My soul ! my body I will trust,
With him who numbers every dust ;
My Saviour faithfully will keep
His own—their death is but a sleep.

HYMN CCCLVIII.—L. M.

The happiness of departing, and being with Christ.
Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with the clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Come, ye angelic guardians, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

3 The blissful interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet,
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Thro' the full beamings of his grace !

N

4 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heav'n begun below.

HYMN CCCLIX. C. M.

Victory over death thro' Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious Leader nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives:
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
He met the tyrant's dart,
And (O amazing pow'r of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer, boast
Thy universal sway;
To heav'n-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night is turn'd to day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust:

6 Till that illustrious morn'ing come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

HYMN CCCLX. C. M.

The death and burial of a saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
- *Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed,
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN CCCLXI. L. M.

The death of the sinner and the saint.

- 1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns he finds no rest ;
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.

4 Not so the heir of heav'nly bliss ;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy Canaan near.

5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terrors in his looks are seen ;
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smoothes his passage to the tomb.

6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

HYMN CCCLXII. S. M.

Preparation for death. Matt. xxiv. 44.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face ;
Thy spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood :
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known ;

The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy pow'r,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN CCCLXIII. Eights.

A view of death delightful to a believer.

1 AH! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare:
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,
 This quiet immovable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more :
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountains can yield no supplies ;
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 Oh, might I this moment become !
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be confign'd to the tomb !

HYMN CCCLXIV. L. M.

A funeral hymn, at the interment of the body.

[N. B. If this or the preceding hymn is sung at the funeral of a female, the words *she* and *her*, may be substituted in place of *he* and *his*.]

1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And giye these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Inade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
And angels watch his soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying son
Pass'd through the grave and blest the bed :
Rest here blest faint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
Attend O earth ! his sov'reign word ;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form ;
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

HYMN CCCLXVI. C. M.

A prospect of the resurrection.

1 LO ! I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres..

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And fling'g guards around ;
The skies do rise to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 I hear the voice. " Ye dead, arise ! "
And lo, the graves obey :
And waking faints with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their king,
And low adore him there.

5 Oh, may our humble spirits stand,
Among them cloth'd in white !

The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

HYMN CCCLXVI. L. M.

Sin and misery connected.

1 WHAT wretched fools are they, who hear,
With scorn, the sound of gospel grace ;
For sorrow walks along with sin,
Although they keep not equal pace.

2 How blindly sinners grasp their chain,
And yet of freedom vainly boast :
They look for happiness and peace,
Nor think by sin their peace is lost.

3 Approaching vice is deck'd in charms,
And smiles with promises of gain :
No sooner past, its joys are fled,
And all its pleasures chang'd to pain.

4 Sinners may for a time rejoice,
Till storms of threaten'd wrath arise,
Till justice grasp th' avenging sword,
And then the wretch the sinner dies.

HYMN CCCLXVII. L. M.

*The day of judgment will shew the connection between
sin and misery.*

1 GOD from his throne with piercing eye,
Naked does ev'ry heart behold ;
But never, till we come to die,
To us will such a view unfold,

2 Should sin, in naked form appear,
Just as it rises in the heart,
And others know and see it there,
In ev'ry feeling, every thought :

3 The fire of hell must kindle soon,
How envy and revenge would flame !
One heart would urge another on,
Till rage and vengeance want a name !

4 Sin in its nature would appear
A living death, to form a hell ;
The worst of mis'ries creatures fear,
The worst of plagues the tongue can tell,

5 Unvail'd and naked ev'ry heart
Before the judgment seat must stand,
Sin act no more a double part,
But meet a death from its own hand.

6 The fiery lake must hotter grow
From the fierce clash of sinful souls ;
Each bosom like a furnace glow,
Nor God the rage, or fire control.

HYMN CCCLXVIII. — Sevens.

Sinner, prepare to meet God !

1 SINNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day ?

2 See his mighty arm is bar'd !
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgments stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;

Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?

4 Who his advent may abide ?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame ?

5 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd ;
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphem'd.

6 Where are now their haughty looks,
Oh, their horror and despair !
When they see the open'd books,
And their dreadful sentence hear !

7 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath ;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

8 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice ;
Seek the things that are above ;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

HYMN. CCCLXIX. L. M.

Sinners and saints, in the wreck of nature.
Isaiah xxiv 18—20.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod !
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame
Sink in one universal flame.

2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek,
For shelter in the general wreck ;
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown ?
See rocks, like snow dissolving down.

3 In vain for mercy now they cry ;
 In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;
 There on the flaming billows tost,
 For ever—Oh ! forever lost !

4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
 With calmness view the dreadful scene ;
 Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
 And earth and skies dissolve in fire.

5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
 To thee my all I dare commend ;
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN CCCLXX. L. M.

The day of the Lord.

1 HARK ! from the sky, the trump proclaims,
 Jesus the Judge approaching nigh !
 See, the creation wrapt in flames,
 First kindled by his vengeful eye !

2 When thus the mountaine melt like wax ;
 When earth and air, and sea shall burn ;
 When all the frame of nature shakes ;
 Poor sinner, whither wilt thou turn ?

3 The puny works which feeble men
 Now boast, or covet, or admire :
 Their pomp, and arts, and treasures, then
 Shall perish in one common fire.

4 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above !
 Since all below to ruin tends ;
 Here may we trust obey and love,
 And there be found amongst thy friends.

HYMN CCCLXXI. C. M.

Thunder, or the day of judgment.

- 1 WHEN a black overspreading cloud
Has darken'd all the air ;
And peals of thunder, roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempest near ;
- 2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
The sinner oft pursue ;
A louder storm is heard within,
And conscience thunders too.
- 3 But whither, sinners, will ye flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air and sea
Shall all dissolve in flame ?
- 4 Amazing day ! it comes apace !
The Judge is hast'ning down !
Can ye then bear to see his face,
Or stand before his frown ?
- 5 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each stubborn heart ;
That they may never hear thee say,
“ Ye cursed ones depart.”

HYMN CCCLXXII. L. M.

The books open'd. Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 METHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.

3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men ;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward :
Sinners in vain lament and pine,
No plea the Judge will here reward.

5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve :
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN CCCLXXIII. S. M.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.
Matt xxv. 41.

1 AND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discriminating eyes ?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound ;
And through the numerous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around ?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame ;
"For rebel angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day :
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away ?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead ;

Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cro'ss,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last aw'ful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN CCCLXXIV. C. M.

The final sentence, and happiness of the righteous.

Matt. xxv. 34.

1 ATTEND, my ear; my heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Before the bright angelic hosts,
Makes his last sentence known.

2 When sinners, cursed from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n;
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to heav'n.

3 "Bless'd of my father, all draw near,
"Receive the great reward:
"And rise, with raptures to possess
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "Ere earth's foundations first were laid,
"His sov'reign purpose wrought,
"And rear'd those palaces divine,
"To which you now are brought.

5 "There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
"Protected by my pow'r;
"While sin and death, and pains and cares,
"Shall vex your souls no more."

5 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
This Jubilee proclaim;
And teach us language fit to praise
So great, so dear a name.

HYMN CCCLXXV. Eights and Sevens.

Day of Judgment.

1 LO! he cometh! countleis trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted head:
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome Son of God.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at nough and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

5 Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise thy trembling heart;
When thou hear'st thy condemnation,

" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !
 " Thou with satan
 " And his angels, have thy part !"
 6 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord, below ;
 He will say, " come near, ye blessed,
 " See the kingdom I bestow :
 " You forever
 " Shall my love and glory know."

HYMN CCCLXXVI. L. M.

The Song of Heaven desired by Saints on earth.

- 1 THE dawn of morning veils her face
When the bright sun ascends the space ;
So glad will grace resign her room
To glory in the heav'nly home.
- 2 Happy the company that's gone,
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne ;
How loud they sing upon the shore,
To which they sail'd in heart before !
- 3 Blefs'd are the dead, yea, saith the word,
That die in Christ the living Lord,
And on the other side of death
Thus joyful spend their praising breath :
- 4 " Death from all death has set us free,
" And will our gain for ever be ;
" Death loos'd the massy chains of woe,
" To let the mournful captive go,
- 5 " Death is to us a sweet repose,
" The bud was rip'd to shew the rose ;
" The cage was broke to let us fly,
" And build our happy nest on high.
- 6 " Lo, here we do triumphant reign,
" And joyful sing in lofty strain :

“ Lo, here we rest, and love to be,
 “ Enjoying more than faith could see.

7 “ The thousandth part we now behold,
 “ By mortal tongues was never told ;
 “ We got a taste, but now above
 “ We forage in the fields of love.

8 “ Faith once beheld a distant joy,
 “ Now love drinks deep without alloy ;
 “ Beyond the fears of more mishap,
 “ We gladly rest in glory’s lap.

9 “ Earth was to us a seat of war,
 “ In thrones of triumph now we are ;
 “ We long’d to see our Jesus dear,
 “ And sought him there, but find him here.

10 “ We walk in white without annoy,
 “ In glorious galleries of joy :
 “ And crown’d through everlasting days,
 “ We rival cherubs in their praise.

11 “ No longer we complain of wants,
 “ We see the glorious King of saints,
 “ Amist his joyful hosts around,
 “ With all his heav’ly glory crown’d.

12 “ We see him at his table head,
 “ With living water, living bread,
 “ His cheerful guests incessant load,
 “ With all the plenitude of God.

13 “ We see the holy flaming fires,
 “ Cherubic and seraphic quires ;
 “ And gladly join with those on high,
 “ To warble praise eternally.

14 “ Glory to God that here we came,
 “ And glory to the glorious Lamb ;
 “ Our light, our life, our joy, our all,
 “ We now embrace secure from fall.

15 " Our Lord is ours, and we are his;
 " Yea, now we see him as he is :
 " And hence we like unto him are,
 " And full his glorious image share.

16 " No darkress now, no dismal night,
 " No vapor intercepts the light ;
 " We see for ever face to face,
 " The highest Prince in highest place.

17 " This, this does heav'n enough afford,
 " We are for ever with the Lord :
 " We want no more, for all is giv'n ;
 " His presence is the blis of heav'n."

18 While thus I laid my list'ning ear
 Close to the door of heav'n to hear ;
 And then the sacred page did view,
 Which told me all I heard was true ;

19 Yet shew'd me that the heav'nly song
 Surpasses ev'ry mortal tongue,
 With such unutterable strains
 As none in fett'ring flesh attains :

20 Then said I, " Oh, to mount away,
 " And leave this clog of heavy clay !
 " Let wings of time more hasty fly,
 " That I may join the songs on high."

HYMN CCCLXXVII. C. M.

Desiring to join in the Song of Angels.

1 EARTH has engross'd my love too long,
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.

2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits ;
 The GOD how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights,
 On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around ;
And move, and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing :
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh, for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies !

7 There, ye that love my Saviour, sit ;
There I would have a place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII. Sevens.

Thanksgiving hymn. (Tune Ascension.)

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song :
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing,
Praise to heav'n's Almighty King.

2 Blessings from his lib'ral hand,
Pour around this happy land ;
Let our hearts beneath his sway,
Hail the bright triumphant day.

3 Lo ! the trembling nations stand,
Smote by thy avenging hand ;
O'er their wide-extended plains,
Awful desolation reigns.

4 Yet, to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'nly friend,
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

5 Here beneath a virtuous sway,
Subjects cheerfully obey,
Here we feel no tyrant's rod,
Here we own and worship God.

6 Hark! the voice of nature sings,
Praises to the King of kings ;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heav'nly notes prolong.



A P P E N D I X :

Containing a number of Hymns not in the first Edition ; principally particular metres, inserted to accommodate sundry tunes in various collections of Music, now in use.

HYMN CCCLXXIX. L. M.

There the wicked cease from troubling, &c.

Job iii. 17.

1 **D**EATH and the grave are doleful themes
For sinful, mortal worms to sing,
Unless a Saviour's sweeter beams
Dispel the gloom, and touch the string.
2 Death, awful found ! the fruit of sin.—
Curse and dishonor of our race ;
If Jesus fail to smile within,
No one can look him in the face.

3 Yet, dearest Lord, when view'd in thee,
Hell and the grave lose all their dread ;
There all his frightful horrors flee,
And joy surrounds a dying bed.

4 Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives,
And he has conquer'd death and hell ;
This truth substantial comfort gives,
And dying saints can sing, " 'tis well."

5 This makes the grave a favor'd spot,
To saints its deepest gloom is bless'd ;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.

6 At rest in Jesu's faithful arms ;
At rest, as in a peaceful bed ;
Secure from all the dreadful storms
Which round this sinful world are spread.

7 Thrice happy souls who're gone before,
To that inheritance divine ;

They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

8 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
Or in a gentle measure flow ;
We hail them happy in the sky,
And joyful wait our call to go.

HYMN CCCLXXX. C. M.

*For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again,
even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God
bring with him. 1 Thess. iv. 14.*

1 NO, let us never mourn for those,
Who sleep in Jesu's arms ;
There they are freed from sin and woes,
And all life's fears and storms.

2 They've reach'd their bright and bless'd abode,
And sing forever there ;
And, in the presence of their God,
Triumphant they appear.

3 What tho' their bodies, now entomb'd,
Are mould'ring into dust,
A dying Jesus has perfum'd
The graves of all the just.

4 Ere long the tomb shall yield its prey,
When each believer there
With Jesus, on that joyful day,
All glorious shall appear.

5 Then with his saints, Oh, may we stand
Before his face, with joy ;
And, when in heaven, at his right hand,
His praise be our employ.

HYMN CCCLXXXI. Sixes, Eights and Fours.

The Covenant God.

1 THE God of Abra'm praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love !
 Jehovah, great I AM !
 By earth and heaven confess,
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abra'm praise,
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand.
 I'd all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and pow'r ;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways :
 He calls a worm his friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Thro' Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on Eagle's wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore ;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore !

HYMN CCCLXXXII. C. M.

The Incarnation. John i. 14.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song

To our incarnate Lord ;

Let every heart and every tongue

Adore th' eternal word.

2 That awful word, that sovereign pow'r,

By whom the worlds were made ;

(Oh, happy morn ! illustrious hour !)

Was once in flesh array'd !

3 Then shone almighty pow'r and love,

In all their glorious forms ;

When Jesus left his throne above

To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,

The Saviour left the skies ;

And sunk to wretchedness and woe,

That worthless man might rise.

5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs

To hail the joyful day ;

With rapture then, let mortal tongues

Their grateful worship pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !

With wonder we adore ;

But could we sing as angels do,

Our highest praise were poor.

HYMN CCCLXXXIII. Sevens.

The Resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 56.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,

Sons of men, and angels say,

Raise your joys and triumphs high,

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sits in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
" Where, O death, is now thy sting ?"
Once he dy'd our souls to save ;
" Where's thy vi^t'ry, boasting grave ?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head :
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents' fall ;
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail the Lord of earth and Heav'n !
Praise to thee by both be giv'n !
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail ! the *Resurrection*—thou.

HYMN CCCLXXXIV. Eights.

Our God forever and ever. Psalm xlvi.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end
I's Jesus the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN CCCLXXXV. Sixes and Fours.

Worthy the Lamb.

1 GLORY to God on high !

Let earth and skies reply ;

Praise ye his name ;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing loud forevermore,

Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,

Praise ye his name :
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won ;
Sing his great name alone ;

Worthy the Lamb.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,

Praising his name ;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,

Worthy the Lamb.

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race
Our holy Lord to bless ;

Praise ye his name :
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,

Worthy the Lamb.

5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease

Praising his name :
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious king,
And without ceasing sing,

Worthy the Lamb,

6 Then let the hosts above,
 In realms of endless love,
 Praise his dear name :
 To him ascribed be
 Honor and majesty,
 Thro' all eternity ;
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN CCCLXXXVI. Sevens, Sixes and Eights,
*Backsliding and returning; or the backslider's
 prayer.*

1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shewn ;
 Turn and look upon me, *Lord*,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me thro' thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart ;
 Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown ;
 Turn and look upon me, *Lord*,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye :
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;
 Turn and look upon me, *Lord*,
 And break my heart of stone.

4 Pray, as when thy pitying eye
 Was clos'd that we might live ;
 Gaspings, at the point to die,
 “ Father,” thou said'st, “ forgive ! ”
 Oh, how glorious was the word,
 When thou, expiring, said'st, “ 'tis done ! ”
 Oh, my loving, bleeding *Lord* !
 This breaks my heart of stone.

HYMN CCCLXXXVII. C. M.

The Infinite.

1 COME, seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
 Or harp of golden string,
 That I may raise a lofty song
 To our Eternal King.

2 Thy names how infinite they be !
 Great Everlasting One !
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfin'd thy throne.

3 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace,
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.

4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot found,
 An ocean of infinities
 Where all our thought are drown'd.

5 The myst'ries of creation lie,
 Beneath enlighten'd minds,
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds.

6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole ;
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.

6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in Thee,
 But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

HYMN CCCLXXXVIII. C. M.

The Nativity of Christ.

1 ' SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 ' And send your fears away ;
 ' News from the region of the skies,
 ' Salvation's born to-day.

2 ' JESUS, the God, whom angels fear,
 ' Comes down to dwell with you ;
 ' To-day, he makes his entrance here,
 ' But not as monarchs do.

3 ' No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
 ' Nor royal shining things ;
 ' A manger for his cradle stands,
 ' And holds the King of kings.

4 ' Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 ' And see his humble throne ;
 ' With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 ' Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng,
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :

6 ' Glory to God that reigns above,
 ' Let peace surround the earth ;
 ' Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 ' At their Redeemer's birth.'

7 LORD ! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?

O may we lose these useless tongues
 When they forget to praise !

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn,
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN CCCLXXXIX. Sixes and Tens.

Another.

1 THE Saviour to adore,
 Join every tuneful pow'r,
 In loudest, sweetest songs of solemn sound :
 Let a peculiar joy
 Attend the blest employ,
 And glad hosannahs echo all around.

2 Angels and seraphs, say,
 On that auspicious day
 When the great God incarnate was made known,
 What new, what glorious strains
 Spread o'er th' ethereal plains,
 And rose harmonious to th' eternal throne ?

3 Say, with what ardent love,
 The shining hosts above
 Tun'd all their golden harps to noblest praise ;
 When ev'ry sounding lyre
 Through the celestial choir,
 Delighted, strove the highest notes to raise.

4 And shall not mortals join
 This melody divine,
 And take their God and Saviour on their tongues,
 His glories to display,
 And hail his natal day,
 In sweetest harmony of joyful songs ?

5 Yes, let our shouts arise,
 And reach the lofty skies,
 And all the race of Adam, here below,

Dwell on the joyful theme ;
 A God, born to redeem
 Unnumber'd millions from eternal woe !

6 To him, who from above,
 In unexampled love,
 Thus stoop'd and join'd our nature to his own,
 Eternal thanks be paid,
 And praises crown his head.
 Who lives and fills his high celestial throne.

7 Exalted there he reigns,
 And o'er the heav'nly plains,
 Sheds, in sweet beams, immortal glories round ;
 With him may we appear,
 And join the triumph there,
 Where ceaseless songs of holy praise abound !

HYMN CCCXC. Sapphic Ode.

The Day of Judgment.

1 WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ; [comes
 And the red light'ning, with a storm of hail
 Rushing amain down.

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !
 While the hoarse thunder like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
 Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly)
 Such the dire terror when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation ;

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heav'n,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
 See the graves open, and the bones arising,
 Flames all around 'em !

5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
 Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish, [lies
 Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm
 Gnawing within them.

6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their
 Heart strings [the
 And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds
 Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
 Rolling before him.

7 Hopeless immortals! how they scream and
 Shiver, [ing
 While devils push them to the pit wide yawn-
 Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
 Down to the centre.

8 Stop here, my fancy: (all away ye horrid
 Doleful ideas,) come arise to Jesus, [him
 How he sits God-like! and the saints around
 Thron'd, yet adoring.

9 O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
 While our Hosannas, all along the passage
 Sheet the Redeemer.

HYMN CCCXCI. L. M.

Bewailing my own inconstancy.

1 I LOVE the Lord; but, ah! how far
 My thoughts from the dear object are?
 This wanton heart how wide it roves!
 And fancy meets a thousand loves.

2 If my soul burn to see my God,
 I tread the courts of his abode,
 But troops of rivals throng the place
 And tempt me off before his face.

3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all begone,
All but my love: and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

4 But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

5 This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad :
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind ?
Or throw my fetters on the wind ?

6 Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace ;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

7 Say, when shall the bright moment be
That I shall live alone for Thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more ?

HYMN CCCXCII. L. M.

Forsaken, yet hoping.

1 HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

2 Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly guest,

3 And now he's gone, (O mighty woe !)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love !

Depart ye sins, that griev'd him so ;
Ye sins that forc'd him to remove.

4 Break, break, my heart ; complain, my tongue !
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring :
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

5 But, ah ! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see :
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for Thee, my God, for Thee..

6 Yet let my hope look thro' my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne ;
His chariot thro' the cleaving spheres,
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

7 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

8 There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove ;
Farewel to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

HYMN CCCXCIII. L. M.

Christ on the Tree.

1 MOURN, mourn, ye Saints, who once did see
Our Saviour dear nail'd to the tree :
A bitter death he did endure,
To save the souls of men secure.

2 Oh, how his purple streams did flow !
His blood on man he did bestow ;
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
And pierced side ran down with blood.

3 What wisdom can conceive or know,
 What tongue or pen can truly show
 The vast dimensions of his love,
 Or show his pow'r in heav'n above ?

4 To God be praise and worship done,
 For giving us his only Son ;
 Let's tune our souls, and him adore
 In hallelujahs evermore.

HYMN CCCXCIV. C. M.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
 He conquer'd when he fell,
 'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finish'd, our Emmanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done ;
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When thro' the regions of the dead
 He pass'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's side
 Sits our victorious Lord :
 To heav'n and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance of reward.

5 The saints from his propitious eye,
 Await their sev'ral crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns,

HYMN CCCXCV. Sevens.

Farewel to the World.

1 WORLD adieu ! thou real cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes, and false alarms ;
 Now I see, as clear as day,
 How thy follies pass away.

2 Vain thy entertaining sights,
 False thy promises renew'd,
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude :
 Thee I quit, for heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest love.

3 Farewel honour's empty pride,
 Thy own nice, uncertain gust,
 If the least mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the dust
 Worldly honors end in gall,
 Rise to-day—to-morrow fall,

4 Foolish vanity—farewel—
 More inconstant than the waves,
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
 Purest tempers they deprave :
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 Jesus Christ shall set me free.

5 Let not, Lord ! my wand'ring mind
 Follow after fleeting toys,
 Since, in the alone, I find
 Solid and substantial joys :
 Joys which never overpast,
 Through eternity shall last.

6 Lord ! how happy is a heart
 After thee while it aspires !
 True and faithful as thou art,
 Thou shalt answer its desires ;
 It shall see the glorious scene
 Of thine everlasting reign.

HYMN CCCXCVI. (*Tune, New-York.*)

The dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame ;
Quit. Oh, quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN CCCXCVII. C. M.

A Funeral Piece.

1 THE righteous souls that take their flight
 Far from this world of pain,
 In God's paternal bosom blest,
 For ever shall remain.

2 To minds unwise they seem to die,
All joyful hope to cease ;
Whilst they, secur'd by faith, repose
In everlasting peace.

3 For at the great, the awful day,
When Christ descends from high ;
With myriads of angelic saints,
They'll meet him in the sky.

4 Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,
Shall pour redeeming grace ;
And call them ever to behold,
The brightness of his face.

HYMN CCCXCVIII. C. M.

Christ the fountain of Life. Rev. xxi. 6.

1 OH, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Here Jesus calls ; and he's a true,
A kind, a faithful friend ;
He's Alpha and Omega too,
Beginning and the end.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, eternal love abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

4 Whoever thirsts, O gracious word !
Shall of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesu's sake.

5 This spring with living waters flows,
And living joy imparts ;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

6 To sinners poor, like me and you,
He saith he'll freely give ;
Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
Drink, and forever live.

HYMN CCCXCIX. Eights and Sevens.

The close of the year.

1 HEAV'NLY Father, here we bless thee,
All thy goodness we adore ;
And, with humble songs address thee,
God of mercy, love, and pow'r !
Thou hast been our great salvation,
Through the world's deceitful maze ;
Through affliction and temptation,
Thou hast kept us all our days.

2 Having help from thee obtained,
Here before thee, Lord, we stand ;
Foes and fears thou hast restrained,
By thy gracious, mighty hand ;
Ev'ry want hast thou supplied,
Life, and health, and needful food ;
Nothing has thy love denied
Which thou knew'it would do us good.

3 But renewing love and favor
In us wrought by sovereign grace,
Through a dear and precious Saviour,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Here our sins are all forgiven ;
Here our mighty debt is paid ;
Here we've peace, and peace with Heaven,
Made in him our living Head.

4 He, dear Shepherd, kindly sought us,
Strong to save us, he drew near ;
Hitherto his love has brought us,
And we close another year.

Pardon, Lord, our ev'ry failing ;
 Oh, forgive our follies past ;
 Let thy grace be still prevailing,
 Safe to bring us home at last.

5 If another year thou spare us,
 Grace, and strength, and mercy give ;
 For thy holy will prepare us,
 Whether we shall die or live.
 Now to God, the great Jehovah,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be the highest praise for ever,
 Here, and by the heav'nly host.

HYMN CCCC. Eights and Sixes.

Longing for a place at the right hand of the Judge.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous judge, shalt come
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Tho' vilest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought ?
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call !

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace ;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this th' accepted day :
 Thy pard'ning voice, Oh, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear ;
 Nor let me fall I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 When e'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

HYMN CCCC I. C. M.

The end of the World.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so ?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
 And ev'ry pleasure dies ?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
 The fun must end his race ;
 The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise,
 When the last trumpet sound ?
 And call the nations to the skies,
 From underneath the ground ?

HYMN CCCC II. L. M.

A happy resurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
 But with a cheerful gasp resign,
 To the cold dungeon of the grave,
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
 And crumble all my bones to dust,
 My God shall raise my frame anew,
 At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
 Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
 Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
 Thy ling'ring wheels how long they stay !

[4 Our weary spirits faint to see
 The light of thy returning face,
 And hear the language of those lips
 Where God has shed his richest grace]

[5 Haste then upon the wings of love,
 Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
 That we may join in hea'vnly joys,
 And sing the triumph of the day]

HYMN CCCCIII. C. M.

The last Judgment.

1 HE comes ! he comes ! to judge the world,
 Aloud th' archangel cries ;
 While thunders roll from pole to poll,
 And lightnings cleave the skies.

2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
 And upward lift their eyes ;
 The slumbr'ring tenants of the ground
 In living armies rise.

3 Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
 Of hosts divinely bright,
 The judge in solemn pomp descends,
 Array'd in robes of light.

4 His head and hairs are white as snow,
 His eyes a fiery flame,
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,
 And Jesus is his name.

5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
And scars his vict'ries tell;
Lo! in his hand the conqu'ror bears
The keys of death and hell.

6 Now he ascends the judgment-seat,
And at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.

7 Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.

8 "Depart, ye sons of death and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries,
While the long-kindling wrath within
Flashes from both his eyes.

9 And now in words divinely sweet,
With rapture in his face,
Aloud his sacred lips repeat
The sentence of his grace:

10 " Well done, my good and faithful sons,
" The children of my love;
" Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones
" Prepar'd for you above."

HOSANNAS AND DOXOLOGIES.

HOSANNAS.

Long Metre.

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;

Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King.

Common Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Zion, behold thy King ;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' incarnate word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n :
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Sevens.

SING hosanna to the Lord,
Hail the everlasting word,
Tell his life, his death, his love,
Bow before him now above.

DOXOLOGIES.

A song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son and Spirit.

Long Metre.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore ;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be,
Eternal praise and glory giv'n.
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise :

With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

Eights and Sixes.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heav'nly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow !

Eights and Sevens.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Sevens.

PRAISE the Father, praise the Son,
Praise the Spirit, one in three,
Join the song in heav'n begun,
Glory to the Trinity.

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

	Page.
ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought,	142
Adam our father and our head,	27
Afflicted saints to Christ draw near,	81
Ah lovely appearance of death,	293
Alas, alas, how blind I've been,	166
Alas and did my Saviour bleed,	275
Alas by nature how deprav'd,	32
Alas what hourly dangers rise,	171
All hail the pow'r of Jesu's name,	73
Almighty God thy piercing eye,	19
Almighty maker God,	196
Almighty maker of my frame,	286
Almighty Sov'reign of the skies,	278
Aloud we sing the wond'rous grace,	125
Amazing grace how sweet the sound,	92
Am I a soldier of the cross,	70
And is this heav'n and am I there,	142
And must I part with all I have,	135
And will the great eternal God,	277
And will the Judge descend,	301
And will th' offended God again,	154
Angels roll the rock away,	58
Anxious I strove to find the way,	233
A present God is all our strength,	90
Ascend thy throne almighty King,	198
As the serpent rais'd by Moses,	38
Astonish'd and distress'd,	27
As when the weary traveller gains,	216
At length the wish'd-for spring is come,	252
Attend my ear, my heart rejoice,	302
Attend my soul the voice divine,	14
Attend while God's exalted Son,	52
Awake, awake the sacred song,	312
Awake my soul to joyful lays,	10
Awake my soul tune every string,	230

Awake our drowsy souls,	260
Away my unbelieving fear,	145
BEHOLD the great eternal God,	16
Behold the Saviour on the tree,	231
Behold the sons the heirs of God,	112
Beside the gospel pool,	162
Blest are the humble souls that see,	242
Blest be the tie that binds,	124
Blest Lord behold the guilty scorn,	205
Blest Lord when darkness veils the skies,	257
Blest Martha love and joy express'd,	158
Blest Saviour by thy pow'rful word,	130
Blow ye the trumpet blow,	33
Break thro' the clouds dear Lord and shine,	178
Brethren belov'd for Jesu's sake,	209
By various maxims forms and rules,	177
CHEER up my soul there is a mercy seat,	221
Children of the heav'nly king,	110
Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day,	312
Come gracious spirit heav'ny dove,	87
Come holy Ghost my soul inspire,	175
Come humble sinner in whose breast,	167
Come let me love or is my mind,	123
Come my soul thy sait prepare,	91
Come seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,	316
Come sinners faith the mighty God,	48
Come thou almighty King,	248
Come ye sinners poor and wretched,	48
Creator God eternal Light,	143
DEAD be my heart to all below,	202
Dear friend of guilty sinners hear,	128
Dear Lord though bitter is the cup,	127
Death and the grave are doleful themes,	309
Death with his dread commission seal'd,	282
Deep are the wounds which sin hath made,	84
Destruction's dangerous road,	193

T A B L E.

[—333
Page.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,	196
Didst thou dear Jesus suffer shame,	96
Dismis us with thy blessing Lord,	237
Dread Sinai roars the man be curst,	28
EARTH has engross'd my love too long,	306
Ere the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,	30
Eternal God almighty cause,	5
Eternal God enthron'd on high,	215
Eternal power whose high abode,	13
Eternal source of every joy,	254
Eternal spirit source of light,	88
Eternal wisdom thee we praise,	20
FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,	101
Far from thy fold O God my feet,	225
Father divine thy piercing eye,	173
Father how wide thy glories shine,	51
Father, is not thy promise pledg'd,	203
Father of all thy care we bless,	174
Father of faithful Abraham, hear,	204
Father of glory to thy name,	6
Father of mercies in thy word,	44
Father supreme all nature's God,	222
Father whate'er of earthly bliss,	171
Fierce passions discompose the mind,	176
Forgiveness 'tis a joyful sound,	65
Frequent the day of God returns,	261
GIVE to the winds thy fears,	24
Glory to God on high,	314
God from his throne with piercing eye,	296
God in the gospel of his son,	33
God moves in a mysterious way,	23
Go worship at Emmanuel's feet,	243
Grace 'tis a charming sound,	47
Gracious spirit dove divine,	18

	Page.
Grant Lord I may delight in thee, Great former of this various frame,	122
Great God of glory show thy face,	14
Great God of providence thy ways,	206
Great God my maker and my king,	23
Great source of being heavenly king,	187
	224
 HAIL mighty Jesus how divine,	46
Hail the day that sees him rise,	107
Happy the hours, the golden days	321
Hark from the sky the trump proclaims,	299
Hark hear the sound on earth 'tis found,	165
Hark the glad sound the Saviour comes,	56
Heal us Emmanuel here we stand,	77
Hear gracious sovereign from thy throne,	87
Heaven has confirm'd the great decree,	286
Heav'nly father here we bleſſ thee,	327
He comes he comes to judge the world,	330
He dies the friend of sinners dies,	269
He lives the great redeemer lives,	62
He who on earth as man was known,	64
Ho every one that thirsts draw nigh,	188
Holy and reverend is thy name,	12
Holy Ghost dispel our sadness,	17
Hosannas to the prince of light,	185
How am I held a prisoner now,	141
How bleſſ the righteous are,	80
How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,	170
How great how terrible that God,	298
How great our glorious shepherd's love,	263
How happy they who know the Lord,	210
How loft was my condition,	39
How many & great are the foes which infest,	169
How many years has man been driven,	204
How precious is the book divine,	43
How sad our state by nature is,	183
How shall the sons of men appear,	198
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,	63

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow,	172
Jehovah reigns his throne is high,	182
Jehovah reigns let all the earth,	74
Jesus believing we rejoice,	149
Jesus let thy pitying eye,	315
Jesus lover of my soul,	157
Jesus my all to heaven is gone,	98
Jesus my king proclaims the war,	156
Jesus our triumphant head,	108
Jesus thy blessings are not few,	96
Jesus we bless thy father's name,	37
Jesus we sing thy matchless grace,	150
Jesus who knows full well,	160
If God had bid his thunder roll,	163
I hate the tempter and his charms,	218
I love the Lord but ah how far,	320
Indulgent father by whose care,	258
Infinite excellence is thine,	82
Infinite grief amazing woe,	264
In his own appointed hour,	234
In sin by blinded passions led,	180
In vain my fancy strives to paint,	288
In vain the giddy world enquires,	201
Join all the names of love and power,	246
I send the joys of earth away,	239
I sing my Saviour's wondrous death,	223
I was a grov'ling creature once,	129
I would but cannot sing,	114
 KEEP silence all created things,	9
 LADEN with guilt and full of fears,	45
Let all our tongues be one,	272
Let anxious doubts be heard no more,	194
Let carnal minds the world pursue,	234
Let party names no more,	125
Let those who bear the Christian name,	136
Let us adore the grace that seeks,	181

	Page.
Let us love and sing and wonder,	217
Let Zion's watchmen all awake,	276
Lo he cometh countleſs trumpets,	303
Lo I behold the scatt'ring shades,	295
Long have I walk'd this dreary road,	138
Look down O Lord with pitying eye,	197
Lord at thy feet we sinners lie,	109
Lord dismiss us with thy bleſſing,	238
Lord haſt thou made me know thy ways,	71
Lord I am pain'd but I resign,	283
Lord I'm defil'd in every part,	101
Lord ſhall we part with gold for drofs,	202
Lord thou haſt been thy children's God,	6
Lord thou with an unerring beam,	8
Lord what a crowd of anxious cares,	226
Lord what is man extremes how wide,	189
Lord who ſhall drive my trembling foul,	146
Lo the young tribes of Adam rise,	211
Love divine all loves excelling,	76
Lo what a rapturous joy poſſeſs'd,	55
 MAN has a soul of vast deſires,	240
Mercy O thou Son of David,	153
Methinks the laſt great day is come,	300
'Midſt all the priests of Jewish race,	97
Most Holy Lord I love thy truth,	235
Must all the charms of nature then,	213
My barns are full my ſtores increafe,	159
My dear redeemer ſee,	42
My former hopes are dead,	220
My heart has been too long enſnar'd,	182
My ſoul doth magnify the Lord,	164
My ſoul would fain indulge a hope,	282
My times of ſorrow and of joy,	134
 NO I'll repine at death no more,	329
No let us never mourn for thoſe,	310

T A B L E.

[—341

Page.

No more I ask or hope to find,	217
Not all the nobles of the earth,	66
Not by the laws of innocence,	53
Not to Sinai's dreadful blaze,	236
Now begin the heavenly theme,	37
Now gracious Lord thine arm reveal,	249
Now in a song of grateful praise,	85
Now is the time th' accepted hour,	69
Now let a true ambition rise,	238
Now let our souls on wings sublime,	211
Now may the Lord reveal his face,	46
Now see the rebel raise his eyes,	200
Now the shades of night are gone,	256
O COULD I find from day to day,	148
O could our thoughts and wishes fly,	285
Of all the joys which creatures know,	114
O for a closer walk with God,	77
O for a glance of heavenly day,	106
O for a heart to praise and pray,	259
O for a thousand tongues to sing,	271
Of sinful Adam's numerous race,	115
Oft as the bell with solemn toll,	287
O God whose favorable eye,	191
O happy soul that lives on high,	195
Oli what amazing words of grace,	326
O Lord by thy supporting hand,	250
O Lord how vile am I,	219
O Lord my best desires fulfil,	135
O Lord our languid souls inspire,	208
O love divine what hast thou done,	75
Once did the sons of Abraham pass,	264
Once O Lord thy garden flourish'd,	207
Once perishing in blood I lay,	99
One awful word which Jesus spoke,	158
One there is above all others,	187
On man in his own image made,	26
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin,	175

	Page
O righteous God thou judge supreme,	281
O sight of anguish view it near,	34
O tell me no more of this world's vain store,	72
O that I knew the secret place,	67
O that my load of sin were gone,	93
O that the Lord would hear my cry,	131
O thou my God who from thy throne supreme	132
O thou to whose all-searching sight,	241
Our great Redeemer's gone,	274
Our life how short a groan a sigh,	288
Our Lord is risen from the dead,	60
Our wishes would our ruin prove,	92
O wretched souls who strive in vain,	174
 PATIENCE O what a grace divine,	127
Peace 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,	151
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair,	184
Poor sinners little do they think,	152
Praise to the Lord who bows his ear,	279
Prepare a thankful song,	189
Prepare me gracious God,	192
Prostrate dear Jesus at thy feet,	55
 RAISE thoughtless sinner raise thine eye,	137
Rejoice the Lord is king,	60
Religion is the chief concern,	144
Remember us we pray thee Lord,	236
Repent the voice celestial cries,	54
Return my roving heart return,	150
Rise my soul and stretch thy wings,	155
 SALVATION what a glorious plan,	29
Saviour I do feel thy merit,	67
Saviour shine and cheer my soul,	118
See Aaron God's anointed priest,	79
See, gracious God, before thy throne,	280
See how brown autumn spreads the field,	253
See how rude winter's icy hand,	251

T A B L E.

	Page
See how the little toiling ant,	245
See how the worthless bramble burns,	251
See human nature sink in shame,	254
See the rash youth d-fild with sin,	256
See the victorious Jesus come,	258
Shepherd of Israel thou doft keep,	259
Shepherds rejoice lift up your eyes,	260
Should bounteous nature hinder poor	261
Should the rising whirlwinds roar,	262
Sight, hearing, feeling, taste and smell,	263
Sing to the Lord a new melodious song,	264
Sin has undone our wretched race,	265
Sinner art thou still secure,	267
Sinner behold I've heard thy groan,	268
Sinners obey the gospel word.—	269
Sinners the voice of God regards,	270
Smote by the law I'm justly slain,	271
Sometimes a light surprises,	272
Sov'reign of life I own thy hand,	273
Stay thou insulted spirit, thy,	274
Stretch'd on the cross the bairn dies,	278
Sure the blest comforter is nigh,	280
Sure 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,	282
Sweeter sounds than music knows,	284
Sweet glories rush upon my sight,	285
Sweet was the time when first I felt,	286
Swell the anthem raise the song,	287
 THAT was a wonder working word,	182
The billows swell, the winds are high,	183
The book of nature open lies,	25
The dawn of morning veils her face,	301
The day is past and gone,	259
Thee will I love my Lord my tower,	147
The fountain of Christ Iori help us to sing.	40
The God of Abraham pralfe,	316
The God who spake to Israel spoke,	214

	Page
The grass and flow'rs which cloath the field,	252
The Lord my pasture shall prepare,	224
The Lord proclaims his grace abroad,	99
The Lord receives his highest praise,	193
The Lord will happiness divine,	119
The mighty frame of glorious grace,	61
The moment a sinner believes,	102
The new born child of gospel grace,	190
The righteous souls that take their flight,	325
There is a fountain fill'd with blood,	42
There is a God that reigns above,	20
There was an hour when Christ rejoic'd,	240
The Saviour to adore,	318
Thine earthly sabbaths Lord we love,	262
This God is the God we adore,	313
Though in the earthly church below,	153
Though troubles affail and dangers affright,	78
Thou great physician of the soul,	116
Through all the changing scenes of life,	144
Through all the various shifting scenes,	22
Thus far my God has led me on,	186
Thus faith the holy one and true,	178
Thy mercy my God is the theme of my song,	11
Thy names how infinite they be,	7
Thy presence gracious God afford,	237
My ways, O Lord, with wise design,	21
'Tis a point I long to find,	120
'Tis from the treasures of his word,	245
'Tis Jesus calls my soul away,	140
'Tis the Lord thus far has brought me,	129
To break the chains of sin and death,	51
To God the only wise,	179
To love divine th' eternal song.	147
'Twas on that night when doom'd to know,	269
'Twas the eternal word that spoke,	255
VITAL spark of heavenly flame,	325

T A B L E.

[—345

Page

UNCLEAN, unclean and full of sin,	146
Unvail thy bosom faithful tomb,	294
WAIT, O my soul, thy maker's will,	10
Wealth is a blessing only lent,	121
Weary of struggling with my pain,	94
What jarring natures dwells within,	28
What mysteries Lord in thee combine	273
What scenes of horror and of dread,	291
What various hindrances we meet,	161
What wisdom majesty and grace,	35
What wretched fools are they who hear,	296
When a black overspreading cloud,	300
When any turn from Zion's way,	162
When converts first begin to sing,	112
When darkness long has veil'd my mind,	111
When death appears before my sight,	290
Whene'er the angry passions rise,	83
When God the patriarch Abra'm call'd,	262
When I can read my title clear,	232
When Israel through the desert pass'd,	43
When I survey the wondrous cross,	265
When I the blest Redeemer see,	265
When I the holy grave survey,	59
When on a summer's sultry day,	227
When the firce north winds with his airy forces,	319
When the poor leeper's case I read,	100
When thou my righteous Judge shalt come,	328
When with my mind devoutly press'd,	168
Where is my God, does he retire,	64
Where shall we sinners hide our heads,	70
Wherewith O Lord shall I draw near,	53
While I to grief my soul gave way,	208
While on the verge of life I stand,	289
Who shall condemn to endless flames,	36
Why do we mourn departing friends,	291

	Page
Why should this earth delight us so,	329
Why sinks my weak desponding mind,	109
With dying want the sinner cries,	200
With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,	133
With holy zeal and Christian grace,	229
With humble heart and tongue,	214
With kind compassion hear my cry,	131
With thee great God the stores of light,	256
World adieu, thou real cheat,	324
 YE glittering toys of earth adieu,	83
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,	212
Ye sons of men with joy record,	15
Ye wretched hungry starving poor,	270
Ye worlds of light that roll so near,	74
Yonder amazing sight I see,	57
 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame,	192

A TABLE OF TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

Genesis.	Hymn		Hymn
iii. - - - - 27		Joshua.	
v. 24. - - - 93		xxiv. 15 -	213
xviii. 19. - 212		Judges.	
xxii. 14. - 94		xvi. 20 -	109
		I Samuel.	
		xxx. 6 - -	132
		I Kings.	
xxxiv. 6--8. - 12		iii. 5 -	110, 111
		I Chronicles.	
		xvii. 16, 17 -	112
		Esther.	
		iv. 16 -	204
		Job.	
vi. 4 - - - 1		iii. 17 -	379
viii. - - - 229		xxiii. 3, 4 -	80
xxxiii. 25. - 97		xxix. 2 -	142
— 27 - 15			

T A B L E.

[—347]

Hymn

Hymn

Psalms.

ii. 8	-	-	251	lxiii. 7	-	-	8
iv. 4	-	-	184	iii. 15	-	-	341
- 6	-	-	248	viii. 22	-	-	101
vi.	-	-	161	xvii. 5--8	-	-	147
xix.	-	-	49	--- 9	-	-	29
xxiii.	-	-	277		Ezekiel.		
xxiv. 7	-	-	71	ix. 4--6	-	-	347
xxxiv.	-	-	175	xvi. 63	-	-	120
xxxvii. 4	-	-	148	xxxvi. 25--28	-	-	121
xxxix.	-	-	353	— 37	-	-	104
xlv. 3--5	-	-	52	xxxvii. 3	-	-	244
xlvi. 10	-	-	185		Daniel.		
xlviii. 14	-	-	384	v. 5, 6	-	-	186
li. 11	-	-	108	--- 27	-	-	168
lxv. 11	-	-	314		Micah.		
lxxxvii. 5	-	-	343	vi. 6--8	-	-	62
lxxxix. 1	-	-	9		Habakkuk.		
xc.	-	-	3	iii. 17, 18	176, 283		
xcvii.	-	-	89		Haggai.		
cii. 25--28	-	-	13	ii. 7	-	-	98
cvi. 4, 5	-	-	292		Zechariah.		
cvii.	-	-	22	xiii. 1	-	-	45, 46
--- 31	-	-	14		Matthew.		
cxviii. 18, 19	-	-	351	v. 2--12	-	-	302
cxix. 9	-	-	266	— 44	-	-	152
--- 105	-	-	48	vi. 6	-	-	211
--- 117	-	-	85	--- 10	-	-	245
--- 136, 158	-	-	103	— 33	-	-	297
ckxxxix.	-	-	5	viii. 2, 3	-	-	122
	Proverbs.			xiii. 37--42	-	-	187
viii. 17	-	-	263	— 39	-	-	313
--- 34, 35	-	-	224	— 46	-	-	100
	Solomon's Song.			xv. 19	-	-	29
i. 3	-	-	98	xvi. 26	-	-	249
	Isaiah.			xix. 16--22	-	-	265
i. 18	-	-	55	xxiv. 44	-	-	362
viii. 13	-	-	10	xxv. 34	-	-	374
xxiv. 18--20	-	-	369	— 41	-	-	373
xxxv. 10	-	-	134	xxvi. 26--29	-	-	333
xi. 6--8	-	-	312	— 41	-	-	209
kliv. 23	-	-	58		Mark.		
lv. 1	-	-	232	viii. 34	-	-	166

T A B L E,

Hymn

Hymn

---	36	-	249	viii. 14	-	105
ix.	24	-	182	--- 33—39	-	40
x.	21	-	265	1 Corinthians.		
---	47, 48	-	188	vi. 19	-	189
xi.	20	-	193	xiii. 1—3	-	153
	Luke.			xv. 56	-	383
i.	74, 75	-	345	--- 57	-	359
iv.	18, 19	-	66	2 Corinthians.		
vii.	47	-	78	iv. 18	-	352
ix.	23	-	166	vi. 17, 18	-	223
x.	21, 22	-	300	xii. 9	-	215
---	38—42	-	194	Gallatians.		
xii.	16—21	-	195	iii. 28	-	151
---	32	-	134	vi. 14	-	329
xiii.	23	-	239	Ephesians.		
xiv.	22	-	335	i. 3, &c.	-	41
xv.	11—24	-	247	ii. 5	-	54
---	32	-	65	--- 18	-	2
xviii.	1—7	-	196	iii. 9, 10	-	33
---	18—23	-	265	iv. 15, 16	-	183
xix.	41	-	243	vi. 13—17	-	284
xxi.	19	-	154	Phillippians.		
xxiii.	34	-	152	i. 23	-	359
	John.			ii. 8, 9	-	73
i.	3—14	-	33	iv. 4	-	72
---	12,	-	79	--- 8	-	167
---	14	-	382	--- 11	-	216
iii.	14	-	43	Colossians.		
---	16	-	331	i. 16	-	33
v.	2—4	-	198	ii. 15	-	73
vi.	20	-	178	1 Thessalonians.		
---	67—69	-	199	iv. 14	-	380
xii.	32	-	67	1 Timothy.		
xiii.	7	-	24	i. 11	-	39
---	15	-	99	Hebrews.		
xiv.	6	-	246	iv. 9	-	324
---	16, 17	-	107	vii. 25	-	74
	Acts.			ix. 27	-	354
ix.	6	-	200	x. 39	-	61
xvii.	30	-	63	xii. 2	-	217
	Romans.			--- 5—11	-	218
i.	16	-	61	xiii. 17	-	342
vii.	19	-	139			

INDEX.

[—349]

Hymn

Hymn

2 Peter.

i. 4. - -

1 John.

ii. 1. - -

iii. 1. - -

v. 6. - -

--- 21. - -

207

77

337

189

Jude.

verses 24, 25

Revelation.

i. 17, 18

iii. 7—13

xx. 12

xxi. 6

xxii. 16

210

338

219

372

393

83

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

N. B. The figures point to the Lyrns.

ADOPTION, 79.

Afflictions, benefit of 218; longing for the divine presence in, 80.*Ascension of Christ*, 69, 71, 130, 131, 228, 285.*Assurance*, prayer for, 214*Atonement and Sanctification*, 35.*Autumn*, or the harvest the end of the world, 353.*BACKSLIDER*, his return, 162.*Backsliding*, and returning, 386.*Baptism*, hymns for, 325—327.*Barrenness* and indwelling sin, 123.*Beatitudes*, 302.*Brethren*, welcome to, 259.*CHRIST*, Aaron a type of 95; acceptance thro' 246; a covert from the heat 282; a fountain for sinners 45, 46; an advocate 77; a refuge in temptation 192; chastised for us 328; confidence in the power of 86; crowned Lord of all 87; eternal life in 199; healing mercy in 91; his ascension 69, 71, 130, 131, 228 285; his call to his elect 223; his character from scripture metaphors 303; his compassionate tears 243; his death 59, 68, 285, 334; his divinity 33; his fulness 75; his gospel 36; his humiliation, exaltation and triumph 73, 323; his

incarnation 34, 285, 382; his infancy 38; his intercession 74, 285, 339; his kingdom 72; his love 149; his merit 81; his ministry 66; his nativity 388, 389; his priesthood 118; his resurrection 59, 69, 70, 228, 285, 332, 334, 283; his scriptural names and titles 304, 305; his sovereign call 289; his sufferings 47; his victory 394; looking to him 43, 44, 163; love to 138, 179; on the tree 393; our example 99, 152, 217; praise to 227, 234; reigning 334; revealed to a condemned sinner 128; sleeping in 380; the best friend 231; the bright and morning star 88; the christian's resort under difficulties 206, 229; the christian's sufficiency 102; the desire of all nations 98; the good physician 44, 101; the head of the church 183; the only saviour 31; the pearl of great price 100; the refuge of the church 76; the shepherd of his people 277; the way to Canaan 119; trust in 158.

Christian, complaining of remaining sin 139; desiring a return of light 142; dying 396; doubting 140; hidden life of 241; his armour 284; his fortitude 116; his love 151; his request 208; his resolution 213; his warfare 191; in darkness 143; passing to glory 172.

Christians, and hypocrites 187; endangered by the world 124; longing for heaven 190; the sons of God 79. *See Saints.*

Church, admission to 278; Christ its head 183; Christ the refuge of 76; its future increase 251.

Comforts, true and false 236.

Conference, hymn for 258; welcome to 259.

Contentment, 216; and patience 217.

Convert. 279; new humbled 235; young in darkness 137.

Creation, old and new 221, 290; proves the being and perfections of God 26.

Creatures, mutability of 13.

Cross, soldier of 83; of Christ attraction of 67; praising at 90; strength from a view of 330.

DARKNESS, lamented 143.

Death, and heaven 173; appointed to all 354; conquered by Christ 379; of a christian, view of delightful 363; of Christ 59, 68, 285, 334; preparation for 362; the Christian's passage to glory 172; the moment of 173; thoughts on 19.

Decension, lamented 256.

Decrees, of God 6.

Dedication, of a place of worship, hymn for 343.

Delight, in God 148.

Despair, prevented 177.

Doubts, relieved 288.

ELECTING and sanctifying grace—41.

Election, 40.

Eternal, Sabbath 324.

Evening. hymns for 318—320.

Exaltation, of Christ 73, 87.

FAITH, and sanctification 226; and unbelief 182; connected with salvation 61; concurring 125; in the power and grace of Christ 86; its review and expectation 112; living and dead 238; power of 124; superior to sense 126.

Fall, of man its effects lamented 27, 103.

Family, prayer, 212.

Farewel, to sin and the world 250; to the body 173.

Fast, hymns for 346, 347.

Fear, removed by God's presence 178.

Forgiveness, 78.

Forms, vain without religion 242.
Forsaken, yet hoping 392.
Funeral, hymns for 356, 357, 364, 397.
God, above idols 89; delight in 148; exalted above all praise 11; glorious in the salvation of sinners 57; his answer to a complaining sinner 170; his covenant 381; his dominion and decrees 6; his eternity 3; his goodness 14, 230, 331; his holiness 10; his immutability 13; his infinity 4; his justice 230; his majesty and perfections 225; his mercy 9, 120, 331; his name proclaimed 12; his omnipresence 5; his omniscience 5, 18; his people's refuge and support 15; his perfections harmonious 32, 225; his presence longed for 80, 181, —— removes fear 178; —— restored 311; —— withdrawn 310; his unity 1; his wisdom unsearchable 7; ours forever 384; reasoning with men 55; sight of in heaven 173; thoughts on 19; trust in 175, 176, 177, 283; walking with him 93; will provide 94.
Gospel, and law 31; glorious 39: its atonement and sanctification 337; its power and divinity 240; its privileges 260; jubilee 37; of Christ 36; prayer for the spread of 245; suited to all wants 117.
Grace, efficacious 52; electing and sanctifying 41; in answer to prayer 121; its sufficiency 215; prayer for 111, 275, 292, 301; proportioned to our need 97; reigning 53; salvation by 54; sovereignty of 300; throne of 293.
Gravity, and decency 136.
HARDNESS, of heart lamented 129.
Heart, contrite 144; evil 29; its hardness 129; new created 60.

Heaven, aged Christian rejoicing in a view of 268; entrance into 173; longed for 171, 261, 400, 269, 352; prospect of 281; song of desired 376, 377.

Holiness, and sin 30.

Hope, from the divine perfections 132; rejoicing in 134.

Hypocrites, 193; and Christians 187.

INCARNATION, of Christ 34, 285, 382.

Inconstancy, bewailed 391.

Intercession, of Christ 74, 285, 339.

Invitation, to sinners 56, 115, 232; to the gospel feast 335; to youth 263.

Jews, prayer for 253.

Joy, in hope 134; in hope of heaven 157; return of 135.

Judgment, and youth 262; appointed to all 354; day of 313, 368—375, 390, 403.

LAMB, the glory to 385.

Law, and gospel 31.

Life, eternal in Christ 199.

Light, breaking into the soul 127; desired 142; restoration of, prayed for 159; shining in darkness 273.

Lord's supper instituted 333.

Love, Christian 151; divine 91, 200; eternal praised 180; redeeming 42, 149; superior to all attainments 153; to Christ present or absent 138; to enemies 152.

MAN, by nature, grace and glory 233; his fall 27, 103; his frailty 267, 312, 353; his mortality 3, 267.

Mercy, Bartimeus' prayer for 188; pleaded for 133; prevailing 120.

Millennium, prayer for 252.

Missionaries, prayer for 255.

Morning, hymns for 315—317.

Mysteries, of Providence 23; to be explained 24.
NAME, of God proclaimed 12.
Old age approaching 267.
Ordination, hymns for 341, 342.
PARDON, and sanctification 84.
Parting hymn 150.
Patience, 154, 155.
Penitent, pleading for mercy 133, 161, 274; returning 205, 274.
Perseverance, 85; and grace 220; rewarded 219.
Praise, at the cross 90; for redeeming love 270; for the incarnation 34.
Prayer, and watchfulness 209; answered by crosses 210; exhortation to 197; family 212; for assurance 214; for Jews 253; for missions 255; for opposers of experimental religion 254; for relief from sin and darkness 280; for rest in Christ 156; for the Millennium 252; for the spread of Christ's kingdom 245; importunate 196; Lord's imitated 276; of a penitent 161; of the sick soul 141; procuring grace 121; secret 211; waiting in 198.
Presumption, and despair 271.
Priesthood, of Christ, its excellency 118.
Prodigal, son, parable of 247.
Promises, great and precious 207.
Providence, equitable and kind 22; mysteries of 23; —— to be explained hereafter 24; submission to 185; trust in 21, 25.
REDEEMER, his loving kindness 8; praise to 336.
Redemption, manifests God's love 331; praise for 270.
Regeneration, 225, 222, 290.

Rejoicing, in a revival of religion 202.
Religion, of the heart 174; to be first attended to 297.
Repentance, 64; from Christ's sufferings 340; God's command to 63; of the Prodigal 65.
Reproaches, fortitude under 116.
Resignation, 164.
Resolve, the successful 204.
Resurrection, the happy 402.
Resurrection, of Christ 59, 69, 70, 228, 285, 332, 334, 383; prospect of 365.
Retirement, and meditation 184.
Revival, of religion, hoping for 257; rejoicing in 202.
Righteousness, human, insufficient 62.
Righteous, their trust 147. See *Christians* and *Saints*.
SABBATH, hymn for, 321—324.
Sacramental hymns 328—340.
Saints, death of 356—361; in the wreck of nature 369. See *Christians* and *Righteous*.
Salvation, by faith 61; by grace 54; danger of missing 239; free, invitation to 232.
Sanctification, and atonement, 35; and faith 226; and pardon 84.
Scriptures, comfort from 51; of knowledge and joy 48; sufficiency and excellence of 50; usefulness of 49.
Seasons, of the year 314.
Self-denial, 166.
Self-examination, 145.
Sickness, complaint and hope in 350: general 349; praise for recovery from 351; reflections in 348.
Sin, and barrenness 123; and holiness 30; and misery connected 366, 367; bewailed 110; complaint of 272; hatred of 291; original

28 ; pressure of 113 ; remaining complained of 139.

Sincerity, 167.

Sinner, awakened, lamenting his security 203 ; departing from God 247, part 1 ; found wanting 168 ; God's answer to him 170 ; humbled going to Christ 204 ; lamenting delay of grace 169 ; leprous healed 122 ; prepare to meet God 368 ; repenting 247, part 3 ; submitting to God 114 ; trembling 186 ; under conviction 247, part 2.

Sinners, dead quickened 244 ; death of 361 ; expostulation with 57 ; in the wreck of nature 369 ; invitation to 56, 115 ; praising the fountain of Christ 45, 46, 398 ; saved and God glorified 58.

Soul, burdened praying for relief 160 ; enlightened 127 ; more valuable than the world 249.

Spirit, dwelling in us 189 ; experienced 107 ; influences of 106 ; intreated not to depart 108 ; joy in 201 ; leadings of 105 ; prayer to 16, 17 ; prayer to God for 104 ; withdrawn 109.

Spiritual mindedness 174.

Spring, hymn for 311.

Submission, and hope 165 ; under bereaving providences 185.

Sufferings, of Christ 47. See *Christ*.

Summer, hymn for 312.

TEMPTATION, Christ a refuge in 192 ; from the world 287 ; of Satan 271, 286.

Thanksgiving, hymn for 344, 345, 378.

Time, shortness of 353.

Tolling bell, 355.

Trinity, doctrine and use 2 ; hymn to 306.

Trust, in Christ 158 ; in God 175, 176, 177 ; of the righteous 147.

Truth, and sincerity 167.
VANITY, of Balaam's wish 96; of the world 146, 248, 299.
UNBELIEF, and faith 182.
WARNING to flee from wrath 82.
Watchfulness, and prayer 209.
Winter, hymn for 310.
Wisdom, of God, song to 20; —————unsearchable 7; waiting for 224.
Works, vain without love 153.
World, crucified to it 329; danger of 194; parting with 298; vanity of 146, 248, 299; end of 401; farewell to 395.
Worldling, condemned 195.
Worship, beginning of 294; end of 295, 296; place of dedicated 343.
YEAR, new, hymn for 307—309; seasons of 314; close of 399.
Youth, and judgment 262; lovely, falling short of heaven 265; pleading for 309; prayer of 266: the accepted time 264; their encouragement 263.
ZEAL, true and false 237.



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